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Vol. CLX No. 2094 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — MARCH 9 1940

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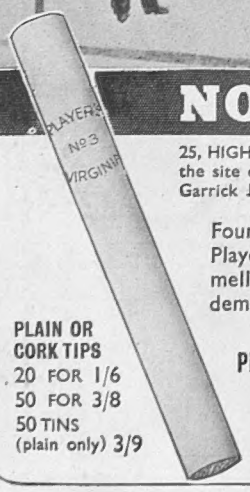

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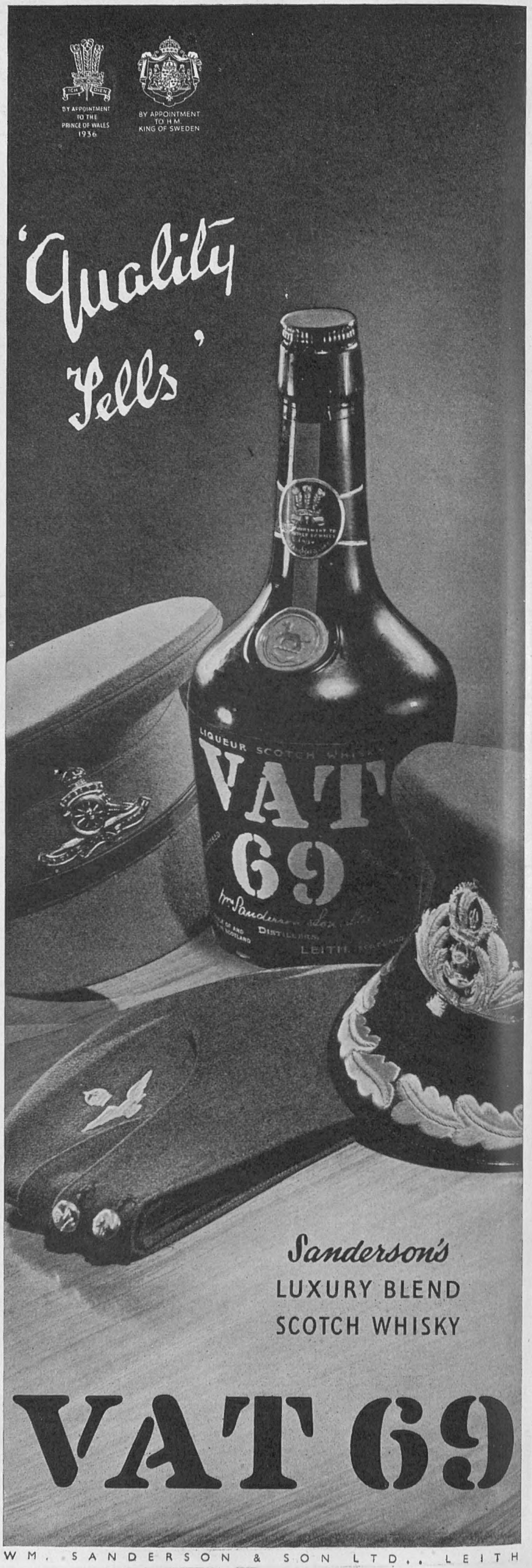


THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, March 9, 1940

WATCHING THE AIR FOR ENEMY INVADERS

The Scene Round the Table at a Control Centre of the Observer Corps

The scheme for protecting London and the Eastern approaches from the air has attained a high degree of perfection. The presence and direction of movement of any approaching planes is recorded with great rapidity. An ever present problem is, of course, that of identification. All unidentified aircraft come within the purview of the outer rings of Observers. Their reports pour into Control centres, one of which is here shown at work. Seated round the table are the "plotters" who receive information of the movements of aircraft and place symbols on the table according to the reports. Supervising and clarifying are the supervisors with their "rakes" while above on the dais sit the "tellers" who pass information forward so that the movements of every aircraft can be made known to the R.A.F. A recorder seated high in the corner maintains an accurate record of every track. The work requires a high degree of concentration and skill, for it is through these centres that Britain's defences are set in motion

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

THE BRITISH NAVAL MEN WHO RISKED THEIR LIVES TO COMBAT THE MAGNETIC MINE

A few days ago Mr. Winston Churchill told the story of how the mysteries of the German magnetic mine were solved by a handful of naval officers and men who risked their lives in their hazardous task. These men have all been decorated by the King. Their chief is Lieut.-Commander John G. D. Ouvry, of H.M.S. *Vernon*, who led the party of experts who took to pieces the first mine to be picked up on the night of November 22, 1939. Chief Petty Officer Baldwin (who figures in the above group) has since been killed in this hazardous task of mine investigation. In the group above are seen Able Seaman A. L. Vearncombe, Chief Petty Officer Baldwin, Lieut.-Commander J. E. M. Glenny, Lieutenant R. C. Lewis, and Lieut.-Commander J. G. D. Ouvry; all are wearing their decorations

A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. XXVII

32–34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4
Wednesday, March 6, 1940

PALESTINE BLUNDER?—I cannot imagine a harder decision than that which faced Mr. MacDonald and the Government over the question of the Palestine land transfers. The effect is that in certain areas the Arabs may sell no more land to non-Arabs, which means the further curtailment of such Jewish immigration as is still permitted. Naturally the Jewish organisations are in another uproar about it. The Opposition in Parliament have taken the decision up strongly and marshal a strong case. They say: Why now? Why on earth, when united war action by Jew and Arab is just giving evidence of greater harmony? Why choose this juncture to call in question again British good faith in international obligations? The decision (they say) flagrantly disregards the League of Nations, since the League Council was not first consulted. Moreover, it is a defiance of the Permanent Mandates Commission. Mr. MacDonald is not a reckless juggernaut. He is cool, impartial, clear-sighted. He denies that the decision defies the Mandates Commission or disregards the League, and, less unequivocally, he stresses his conviction that racial bitterness would soon have come to a head again (from Arab hot-heads) if the restriction had been further delayed. Mr. MacDonald will surely make his position clearer and stronger by presenting his case at leisure. The blunder has been in the announcement of the decision before a careful review of the authorities and the reasons for it. For one thing, the House approved his policy last May, when the moment for implementing it remained in abeyance, and it comprehended and approved the reason for that policy—the increasing dangers ahead from a landless Arab proletariat and a land-holding Jewish population—the two moieties of the inhabitants having bitter racial jealousies and very different natures and characteristics. The Jews, too, have been warned long since, though that will not modify their anger. As for the Mandates Commission, though it challenged the White Paper of last May it has not yet officially condemned it. For the rest, Mr. MacDonald will firmly argue that infinite thought has gone to the general policy, and to the decision to implement it in this respect now. And finally, that it is no permanent, unalterable policy, but a necessary expedient pro tem. It is a complex problem, almost insoluble. But, at least, I believe Mr. MacDonald would have let well alone at this juncture if he could have found even faint justification for holding his hand still longer. He could not, on the advices he was receiving from Palestine. But his decision is none the less unfortunate at the present juncture.

MR. CHURCHILL'S COMFORT.—Mr. Churchill's periodic progress reports are always breezy, invariably calculated to irritate the neutrals and make the Nazis scream with rage, and are usually followed (as Miss Wilkinson commented) by a nasty set-back, inevitable in war (and in any system of periodic progress reports). But by general consent (with a minority view) his speeches are an asset. And certainly he is a trained orator. Where are we, *pace* the First Lord? After six months of war, we have mastered the U-boats, found the "counter" to magnetic mines, abandoned Scapa as a sea base, suffered repairable damage to the *Nelson* (a news item), reinforced the fleet with five new "unsinkable" battleships of the George V class (to be "shortly available"), found a way to counter the scuttle policy of arrested German merchantmen, and lost on balance but 200,000 out of 21,000,000 tons of British merchant shipping (which is constantly being added to). These points convincingly made justify the nation which heard him in accepting Mr. Churchill's view that we may have quiet confidence about the ultimate issue. And for the immediate future, we "touch wood."

MR. WELLES.—Mr. Roosevelt's peripatetic alter ego, moving from capital to capital of the Great Powers, is the spring's star turn of interest. I wish I knew more about the man, for his task is one for a superman. His office is not unique. Colonel House did the same sort of thing in 1915 onwards, though I do not know if he produced adequate results. But Mr. Welles' task is much harder, whatever may be the uses to which the President intends to put the information acquired by his agent, whether to commercial or political, pacific or academic, uses. His agent's difficulties in arriving at the truth about any given thing (be it the state of potato reserves or the state of public feeling towards the Nazis) in Germany must be infinitely great. He will not be the first impartial observer to come away from Germany in the past three years loaded with information which the Nazis wished him to have and yet not qualified to tell the whole truth about Germany. In Italy, too, he may have found certain avenues barred to his researches. In France and Britain no doubt he will receive generous facilities and all the statistics for which he asks. But statistics don't tell very much and statistics of certain vital matters are not always as informative as they might be. Even from our good friends we withhold intimate confidences. But assuming he has secured a mass of information, of which a great part must be inevitably half-truth at the best, and distortion at the worst, what then? How many months must go by before he can collate it and issue a balanced report? And, assuming that he works a miracle and produces a report which the President regards as valuable and authoritative information about conditions and majority opinion in four European countries, to what use can the President put that report? We cannot say, since we don't even know to what use he would like to put it. The conclusion which strikes me at present is that Mr. Welles' mission should have been less advertised, and its important implications concealed as far as possible. It seems to me that, invested as he is with mystery and credited with the design of achieving an impossible task, his mission can only result in disappointment and may result in bathos. He may be able to learn something of the minds and nerves of the leaders of the four nations. He may be confident that he will read Mr. Chamberlain as an open book. He will be less confident of reading M. Daladier. Hitler and Signor Mussolini have too often proved difficult to read, to encourage in Mr. Welles any glowing hopes. The prospects of harmony of views between Hitler and Mr. Chamberlain do not seem rosy, and as far as is known Mr. Welles is having no private confabulation with the German people. He is engaged on a labour of Hercules.

MAJOR KERMIT ROOSEVELT IS TO LEAD THE VOLUNTEERS IN FINLAND

Son of the great "Teddy," fifty-year-old Major Kermit Roosevelt, M.C., is still an American citizen despite that he is a British officer and was decorated with the Military Cross while fighting for this country in the last war. Major Roosevelt has now left the British Army to take up the rank of Colonel in the Finnish Army and to lead the British, American and Canadian volunteers who are going to Finland to fight the Russians. Above he is seen, with his wife, at the Ritz Hotel in London, being interviewed by pressmen after the news of his appointment had been made public

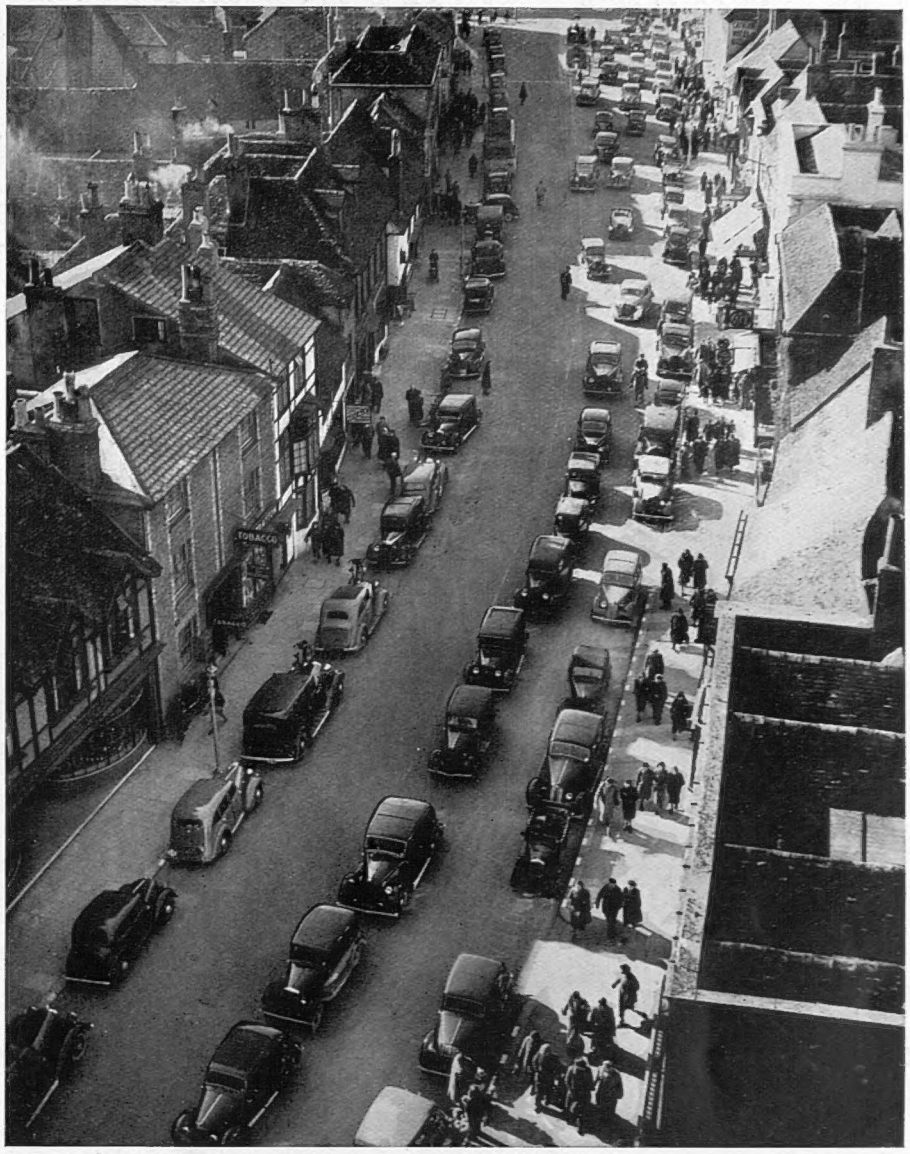
AMERICA TOO NEUTRAL?—I have urged *ad nauseam* that, if the great neutrals can hope to take the part they ought to take in the making of the resettlement of Europe and civilisation, they must start now before the bitterness and hatred of a war of destruction to the finish has so worked on the minds of the belligerents that cool judgment and Christian ideals become once more impossible. If Mr. Roosevelt thought the same when he sent out "Sam Weller," that is good. But no good can come of it (as every thinking person on the Allied side knows) if the Americans enter in the business like a schoolmaster slapping the faces of two naughty quarrelling schoolboys. We are not prepared to accept that view of the present struggle of right against evil. The Allies in taking up arms saw in the rape of Czechoslovakia and the destruction of Poland crimes against world order and humanity too terrible to pass over. If

America means to make her examination without an official denouncement of these crimes as a condition precedent to any effort for peace, "Sam Weller" might just as well have stayed at home. It may be he is now concerned only to attempt to secure a joint effort by the Axis powers to mediate in Finland. If so, we wish him well. It is a stage forward. But the greater pacification will require a more clearly defined attitude, a definite expression of opinion, in the moral obloquy of Nazism.

"DODO" BENSON.—Mr. E. F. Benson has died at the age of seventy-two in hospital in London. One of a family of brothers whose output of books can rarely have been equalled, he was a son of Archbishop Benson and was born and brought up in an atmosphere of letters. It would not be far out to say that he wrote a book for every year of his life. His brother Arthur was not far behind his record and probably made very much more money by his more philosophic writings. Robert Hugh, the third writing brother, became a Roman Catholic and turned out a score of fine historical novels. "Dodo" Benson wrote on every subject; family history, history, social history, fiction, farce, memoirs, biography. Like John Buchan, he wrote too much and he worked his veins too long (e.g. his "Lucia"). He had in him a marked strain of femininity. He was able to appreciate more than his readers sometimes did, the feline vendettas of provincial ladies; but he was robust when he pleased (*The Luck of the Vails; The Babe, B.A.*). And he knew how to create very healthy, sane young men and very broad-minded women (*The Book of Months*). He lived at Rye latterly and was a notable Cinque Port burgess. He loved the mountains, had scores of friends and enjoyed his life and fame. But .... he wrote too much. Like his brother Arthur, he could not stop. Why should he, when the public was willing to pay for his words?

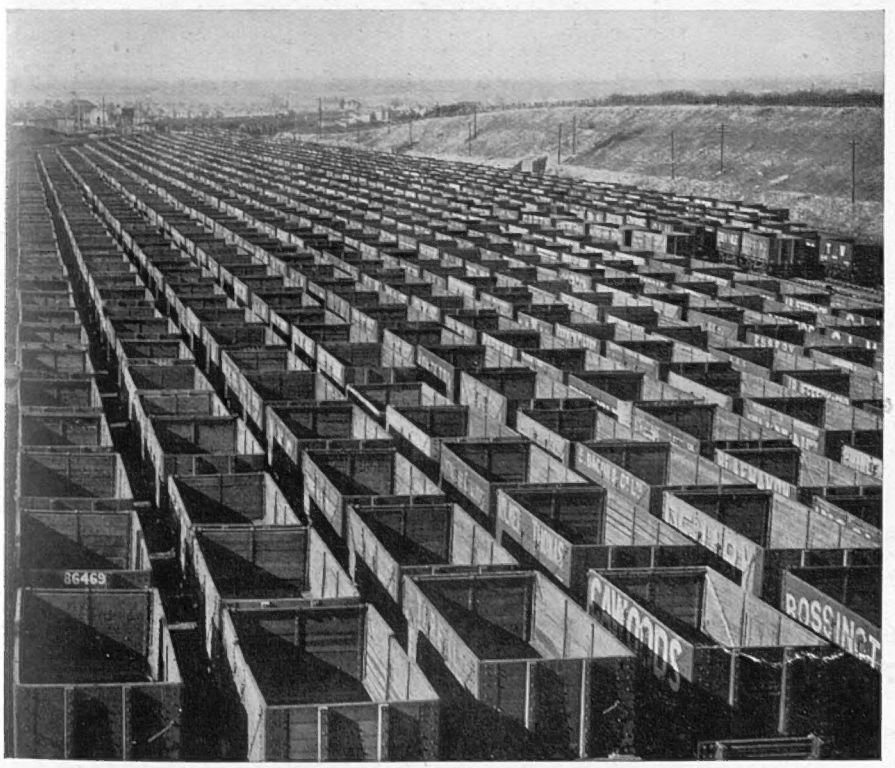
THE FALKLAND ISLANDS—A PLEA.—A correspondent from Stanley, in the Falkland Islands, has written to me pointing out how that twice in twenty-five years the Falkland Islands have proved of great value to the Empire as a base for the Navy and a hinge of victory in decisive naval actions. Before the late battle of the Plate all three British ships had been using the islands as a base for refitment and refuelling. After the battle the *Exeter* limped back to the islands to land her wounded. So, too, in the decisive action of December 8, 1914, the Falkland Islands played a vital part in our sea power. Then my correspondent goes on: "While everyone must realise that the Navy protects the Falkland Islands, the people thereof and the sheep-farming industry established here, this industry is only as a grain of sand compared with the enormous traffic of Empire importance that has benefited and will continue to benefit from the mere fact that the Navy can have a pied-a-terre here. The total export value of the wool and skins from the Falkland Islands may be roughly valued at an average of £150,000 per annum, and this only represents a fraction of the value of the New Zealand traffic that comes round the Horn, and of the trade with the southern parts of Peru and Chile, and of that very important trade route, the River Plate. The Anglo-Norwegian whaling industry established around South Georgia and the Weddell Sea also enjoys protection. Yet the Imperial Government has almost entirely neglected these islands, while on the other hand places like Gibraltar and Malta (that have no commercial importance of their own), and Alexandria, Singapore and Hong Kong are heavily garrisoned and millions of pounds of imperial money spent on them. Here the Imperial Government spends practically nothing. In peace-time the colony bears the whole of the cost of its land defences, and about £20,000 extra revenue is to be raised this year from the shoulders of the local people in order to maintain those land defences on a war-time footing, and I have heard nothing so far about any contribution from imperial funds—although, as I have tried to make clear, the imperial commerce that benefits from the existence of these islands under the British flag must run into many millions of money. In the event of new complications from which the Panama Canal might suffer and be put out of action, the importance of the Falklands would be increased to an extent that it is quite impossible to gauge."

SUMMER TIME.—At present it is Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark. We have the time but not the summer, and even the saving in electricity is more apparent than real, for houses in the early morning must be swept in a blaze of artificial light. But it is a right decision, for it will save life now and light soon. We have to accommodate ourselves (our legs) to the change and that takes time, too. There is an hour in the garden after tea for those who have the opportunity, plus the stamina, and a very pleasant and profitable hour it may be, if the weather is friendly. Well, we must use that hour somehow, for every gardener is behind schedule. For weeks on end nothing constructive has been done, and digging and pruning are very behind-hand. Now that one has had the chance to estimate the damage done by the long and freak winter, one can revise one's first depressions. The trees in the woods are a terrible sight no doubt, but nature will soon remove the worst scars and many of the birches will bob up again. Fruit trees and ornamental cherries stood the strain much better, while heaths, always the first to suffer, recover quickly. Maples seem to stand anything and azaleas are much stauncher than rhododendrons. As for the spring flowers, they don't give a curse for snow and frost, and already they are as forward as usual. Any sunny day or mild day, now, spring can be felt, the lawns are already green, the thrushes and chaffinches in song, primulas are out, daffodils shooting up. Hang it, the children will soon be sorting their marbles and elderly men looking out their grey flannel trousers and crêpe soles. War is filthy, spring increases its activities but it brings compensations. It makes mere existence easier and less intolerable.



IS PETROL RATIONING STILL IN FORCE?

We ask this question in view of the above striking picture received in this office after the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race on Saturday last. As duly reported in the Press, the number of spectators was quite a surprise. Thousands upon thousands witnessed the race, and a great number of these came by car. Henley High Street served as a car park, in addition to the many open spaces elsewhere in the town and its surroundings. It may be that a number of car owners had been saving their petrol ration just for the purpose of witnessing this race; but not many will believe this story. The question therefore remains—How did so many car owners secure enough petrol to journey *by car* to the race?



ALL EMPTY!—A COMMENTARY ON THE COAL SHORTAGE

This telling picture goes to emphasise what has developed into a public scandal—the shortage of coal throughout the whole country. This amazing scene was taken at a coal siding in Cardiff where thousands of trucks are still idle, awaiting the Welsh coal for which householders and business men are clamouring throughout Britain

NEWS BROADCASTS TO AMERICA.—Writing from Victoria, B.C., a correspondent begs me to give publicity to a view generally held in America and Canada concerning our broadcasts of news to those countries. He says: We do not appreciate, nor does America understand, the high-pitched, hesitant and almost apologetic diction of the English announcer, especially when accompanied with an "Oxford bleat." When broadcasting to Germany, England no doubt "puts it across well" in sound German. When speaking to America and the Dominions the importance of "speaking our language" cannot be overrated if sympathy is to be gained. What we need is a manly and confident voice, speaking plain English, even if accompanied by a Yorkshire or Scots burr; but not, definitely not, the voices of the present announcers. He wrote early in February. Perhaps his complaint has already been heard. If not, I give it for what it be worth.

HITLER'S DEAD.—Hitler's last speech convinced me of what I had long suspected. The man's dead, and his speech was a gramophone record of one he made in 1933, and repeated in '34, '35, '36, '37, '38, '39, and '40, several times annually. And the record—if you listen closely—shows signs of wear. Hitler's dead, and his solecism goes marching on. But let us be fair . . . always let us be fair. These speeches by war leaders to their nations are all a trifle trite—all repetitions of what has been said before *ad nauseam*, but, under the rules of propaganda, cannot apparently be said too often. If war itself is universally condemned as boring, what can you expect of war oratory? No more than you get.

THE OLD STAGER

EVENTS AT HOME DRAW CROWDS OF SIGHTSEERS

AND SOME INCIDENTS FROM THE WEEK'S NEWS AT SEA

CAMBRIDGE WINS THE FIRST WAR-TIME BOAT RACE

Crowds lined the sunlit banks of the Thames at Henley when Cambridge beat Oxford by five lengths. In this view the boats have just passed the winning-post flags, the time for the race being 9 mins. 28 secs. Oxford had the faster stroke but Cambridge the greater power

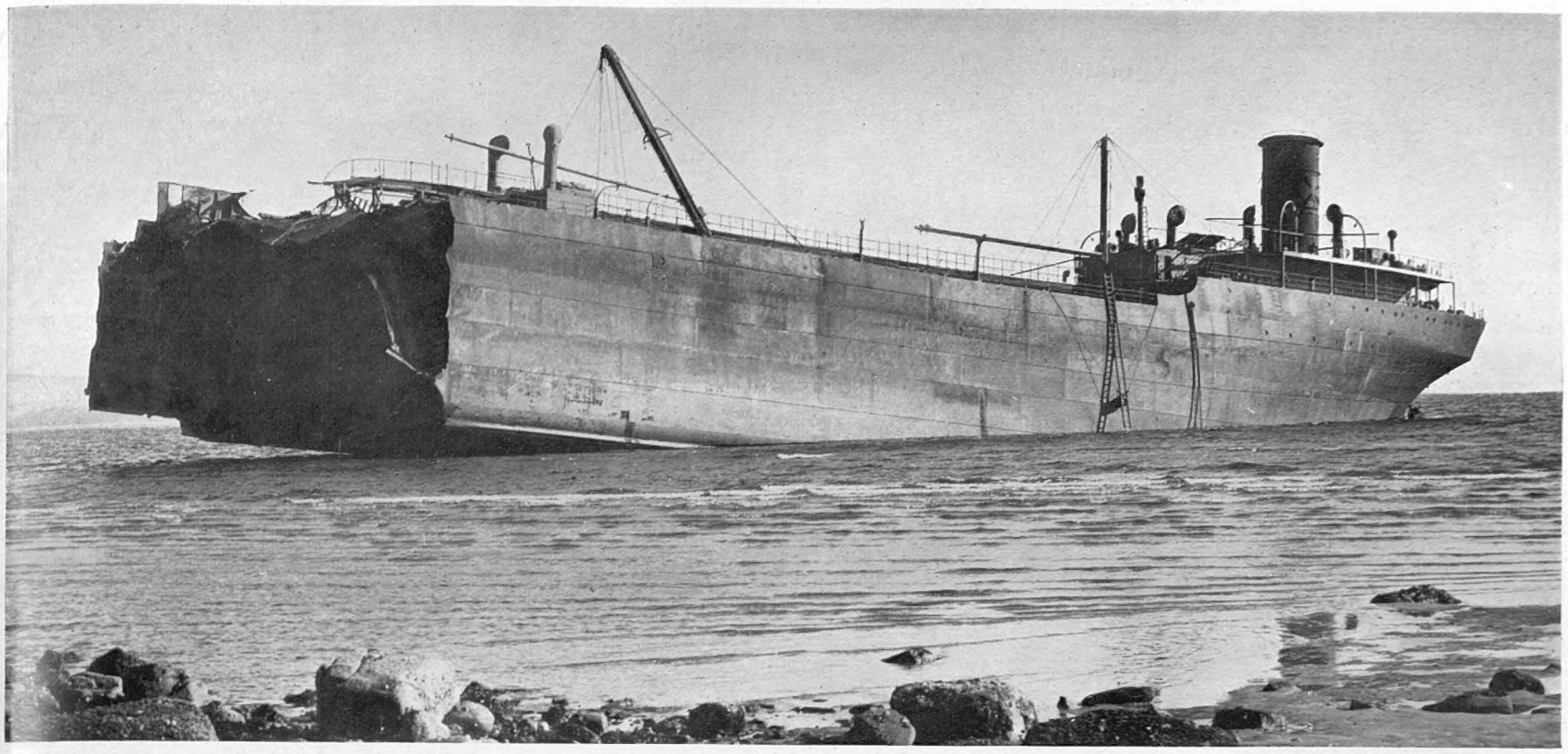
SIGNS OF SPRING COME TO THE NORTH

Women's Land Army girls in training at Preston have found a new interest in their work, for this week sixty-three spring lambs have arrived and their care and attention is the chief concern of these land girls

EXETER CITY HONOURS THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF H.M.S. "EXETER": THE SCENE FROM THE TOP OF THE GUILDHALL

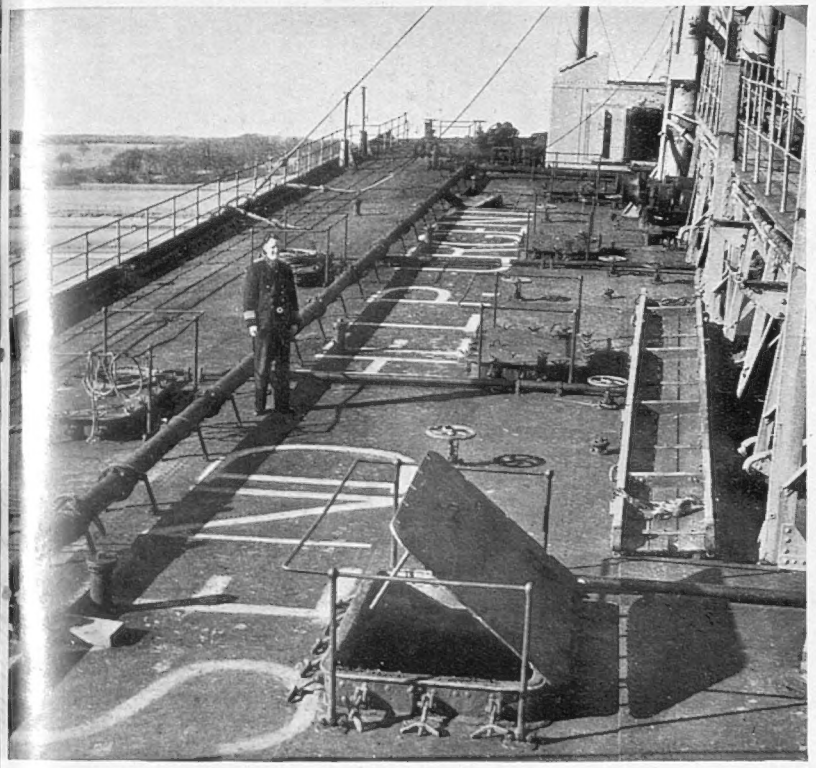
Officers and men of H.M.S. *Exeter* were entertained in Exeter Guildhall last week in recognition of their part in the battle of the River Plate. Captain Bell was enrolled as an Honorary Freeman

LONDON GATHERS AT NIGHT TO GIVE THE WAR-TIME "DEBS." A "LEAP-YEAR" DANCE



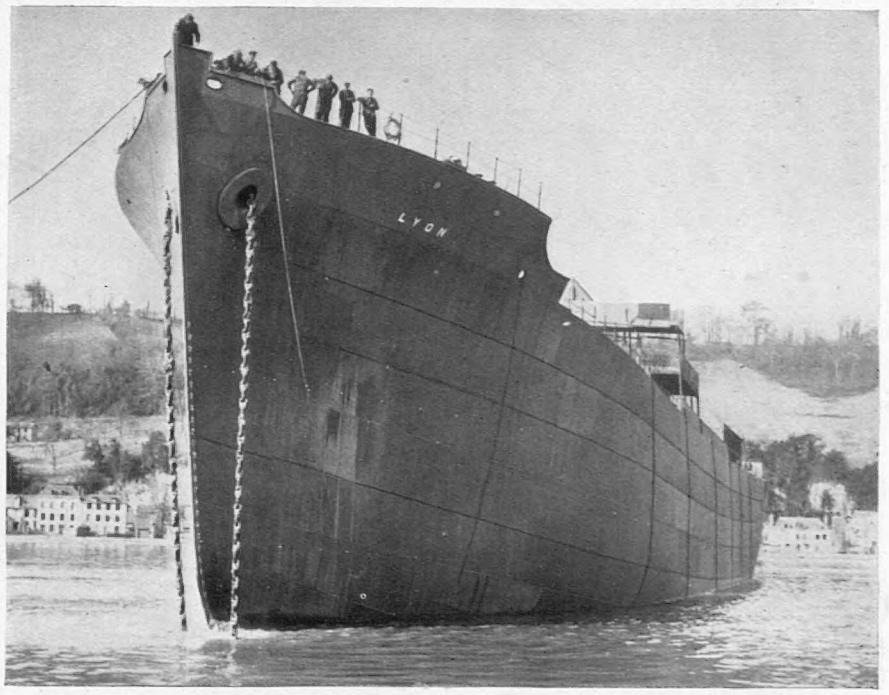
BEACHED ON A SCOTTISH SHORE AFTER A WONDERFUL TEN DAYS' JOURNEY: THE STERN PART OF THE TANKER "IMPERIAL TRANSPORT"

The crew journeyed 107 miles to safety on the stern half of the 8,000-ton British tanker, which was cut in two by a U-boat torpedo in the Atlantic



TO CATCH THE EYE OF FRIENDLY AIRCRAFT THE CREW PAINT THE DECK OF THE TORPEDOED TANKER

"Send help, urgent," were the words painted in large white letters on the deck of the tanker *Imperial Transport* during her adventurous journey home



FRANCE IS ADDING TO HER MERCANTILE FLEET

M. Edouard Herriot, President of the French Chamber of Deputies and Mayor of Lyons, attended the launching of the new steamer *Lyon* at Grand Quevilly, near Rouen

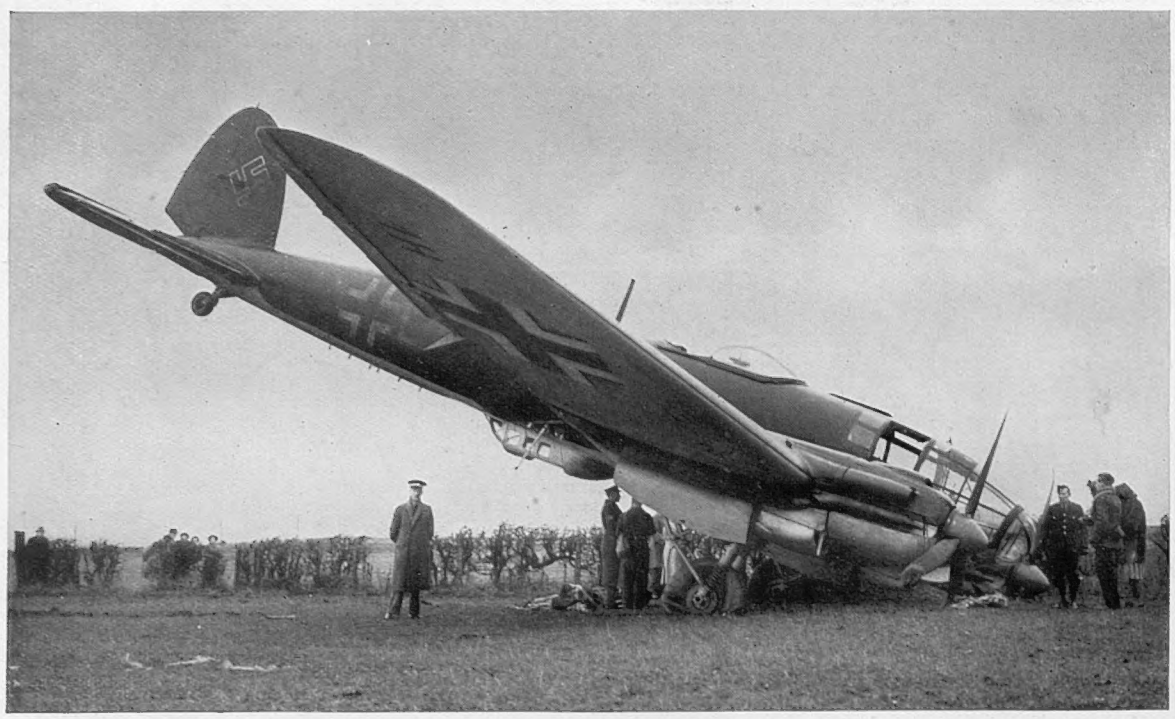
One hundred and fifty debutantes were present at Grosvenor House on the occasion of the Queen Charlotte birthday dinner-dance. There was a formal cake-cutting ceremony (seen above)

ONE OF THE SUCCESSFUL RESCUES BY BRITISH LIFE-BOATS DURING LAST WEEK

Winter weather and war casualties by mine and torpedo have made the work of the lifeboat crews very arduous. Here, some of the crew of a British vessel which had been attacked, machine-gunned and bombed by Nazi aircraft are seen being helped ashore after rescue by the Sheringham lifeboat. Others, badly wounded, had to be carried ashore

The WAR by

The Crashed German Bomber



A BIG GERMAN BOMBER CRASHES ON THE NORTH-EAST COAST

This Heinkel twin-engined bomber came down in meadow land close to the North-East coast. One of her engine eggs struck the flat surface of the field, crushing two propellers out of shape, but the rest of the plane suffered little damage

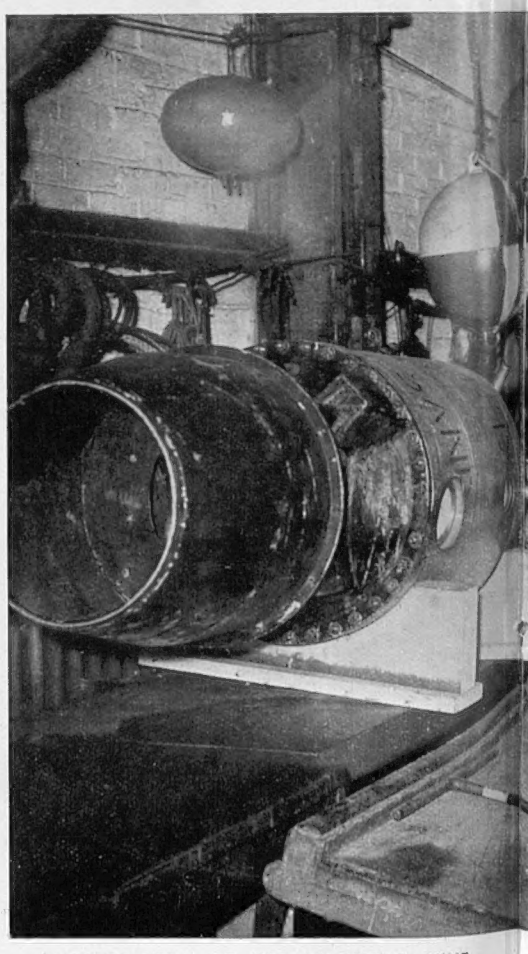
UNDERSIDE VIEW OF THE CRASHED HEINKEL BOMBER SHOWING THE FIGHTER COMPARTMENT

A rear view of the port engine which struck the meadow is visible with some litter on the ground. Immediately above is a good view of the fighter compartment. The light paint on the underside of the fuselage is also shown

EXAMINING THE DETAILS OF THE HEINKEL'S ENGINES ON THE NORTH-EAST COAST MEADOW

The bomber had come over the Firth of Forth and met a single British fighter with the result that she was forced down. The engine hood, hinged at back, can be raised for examining the interior

THE MUCH-DISCUSSED MAGNETIC MINE REVEALED AFTER THE CAPTURE OF A "LIVE" SPECIMEN



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE MAGNETIC MINE, OF WHICH MR. CHURCHILL STATED THAT WE NOW HAD THE MEASURE

SEA and AIR

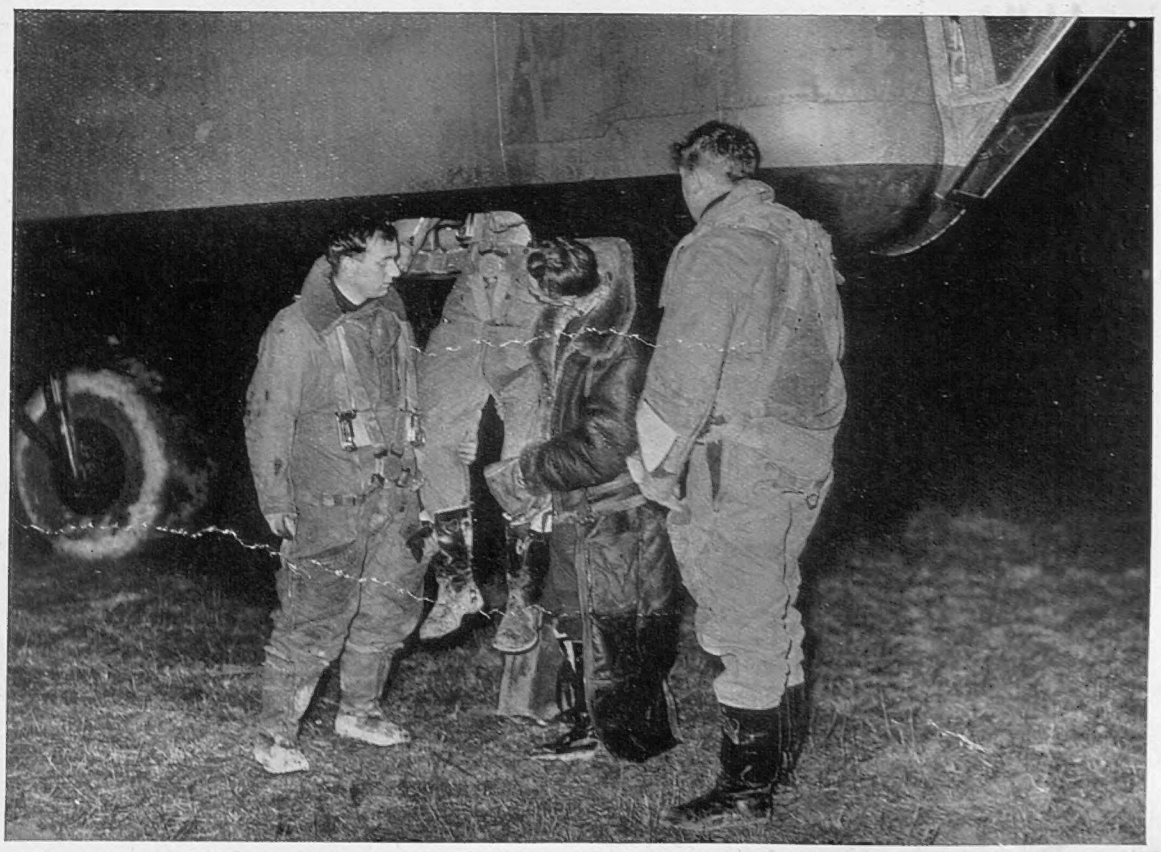
And Details of the Magnetic Mine

T e magnetic mine, retrieved so courageously by Lieut. C mmander Ouvry's party, is now on exhibition to the o ficial world. The King himself has inspected it. Here i the forward business end with its six horns. This t e of mine explodes if a mass of steel approaches it

THE CHUTE APPARATUS FOR RELEASING LEAFLETS OVER GERMAN CITIES SEEN IN ONE OF THE R.A.F. LONG-DISTANCE PLANES

Great activity was shown last week in the department of the R.A.F. which deals with the diffusion of leaflets over German cities. Numerous planes visited Berlin, Vienna and Prague and dropped flares to indicate their presence. They were not engaged by any enemy fighters

Here the mine is mounted in such a way that one is able to see two sections of it unbolted. The whole mine is a complicated mechanism, carefully made, and evidently expensive to produce



AFTER A NINE-AND-A-HALF HOURS' FLIGHT THE CREW ALIGHT FROM THE R.A.F. PLANE AT THEIR AERODROME

The crew are inclined to be a bit stiff after a flight of this description. Enemy searchlights and anti-aircraft batteries occasionally came into operation during the flights, but the response of the enemy cannot be said to have been animated

WHAT IS BEHIND HITLER'S STAND-STILL POLICY?

We May Soon Know the Answer to This Question—We Are Prepared. *(The Strategy of the War—XXIV.)*

By GENERAL SIR CHARLES HARINGTON, G.C.B., G.B.E., D.S.O., D.C.L.

IT was always impressed on us by instructors at the Staff College that before one starts to write on any subject one must always say to oneself, "What is my main object?" and then stick to it. For six months I have been saying this. My task is to comment on the war on land between the Allies and Germany, and my difficulty is to find one. "Nothing to report on the Western Front" just haunts me. I go to bed hearing it and I wake up hearing it on the eight o'clock news, but anyhow we must be thankful for the six months' re-pite which has enabled us to get our own machinery into good working order. It ought to work well if and when it is tested, and I am confident that it will. It is indeed a curious war.

I was interested in the recent R.A.F. reconnaissance which was reported to have flown quite low over the Siegfried Line, and according to reports, saw no movement of troops or transport and was not even shot at. Apparently the only things seen were some enemy machines on the ground which took no interest. It may be a clever ruse to go completely to ground in order to deceive the Allies into thinking that a withdrawal has taken place. That has been tried before without any result, and cannot be done with large forces. To date, some sixty raids by our R.A.F. have been made over Germany. The enemy do not seem to mind, nor do they retaliate by flying much over our country. They come as far as the coast, and an odd machine or two have crossed, but very few. It is all very difficult to fathom.

As Mr. Anthony Eden said last week in his admirable speech at Liverpool, we had no alternative but to accept the challenge. He believed in Hitler's sincerity after the Treaty of Locarno. Within twelve months it was torn to shreds. Hitler's cards were on the table. His one object was clearly the destruction of Great Britain and domination of the world. The destruction of the Poles, Czechoslovakians and others were just milestones on the way until France and Great Britain cried "Halt!"

So in September last we had to accept the challenge and fight for our freedom or die. There was no other alternative. We heard the referee say, "seconds and neutrals out of the ring." The struggle began. Not a bit the struggle Hitler visualised or the one Von Ribbentrop had pictured to him of a half-hearted effort of a half-decadent nation which could be quite easily subdued. His satellite Von Ribbentrop told him day in and day out that we would never fight. What does Hitler now think of the response of our great empire? What does he think of the arrival of the Canadians in this country, of the Australians and New Zealanders in Egypt and Palestine? What does he think of the air effort in Canada and Australia and of the reinforcements which before long will arrive not in thousands but in tens of thousands?

The winning factor in this war is our team, that great team of our Dominions and colonies, of India, France, the Poles and Czechs. Hitler does not understand what a team means, but he is going to before long. He said himself in *Mein Kampf* that his own team were both stupid and like sheep.

Mr. Eden stated at Liverpool that Von Ribbentrop had said that the idea of sitting round the same table with Stalin and Communism was just unthinkable, and yet they seem to have done it quite amicably. That, in my opinion, will be their undoing, for the very rope that Hitler employed to rope in Stalin to kill Poland will be the rope that will in the end strangle both Germany and Russia.

As I said last week, we are getting tired of wondering what Hitler will do. Let us transfer the problem to what we will do with Hitler. To save our lives and the lives of those who come after us, we have to destroy Hitler and Hitlerism, and we have now the means. There must be no pact or compromise or listening to outside advice from those who are on the touch-line and not in this war. We have got to go right through with it and save the future of the world. We and our gallant Allies the French are determined to do this. We have great power behind us. Our factories, our workshops, the workshops of our Dominions are all working at super speed. The men and women of our nations and of our Dominions and colonies are all pulling and pulling hard on the same rope of help and determination. It will be a grim "tug-of-war," but I have no doubt whatever that the judge's flag will go up in our favour in the end.

We read of efforts for peace being made by a Marquess, and we read of the tour being made by Mr. Sumner Welles on behalf of President Roosevelt, but there is only one body in the world which makes our peace and that is the British Government.

Meanwhile, the gallant Finns hang on. As I write, the Russians are on the outskirts of Viborg and will no doubt have taken it before this appears in print, but the Finns have put up a most gallant defence and will fight every inch of the way back. They are truly fighting as we were in early 1918 with their "backs to the wall." We only hope that the reinforcements from many quarters now on the way to help them will arrive in time to stiffen their heroic defence. I personally think that they will, and that the stout hearts of the Finns, backed up by help and weather, will put a very effective brake on these Russian masses whose hearts, according to prisoners, cannot be in the task on which they are being employed, the object of which they do not even know.

It did my heart good a few days ago to meet and wish the best of luck to a young lad just going off as a volunteer to Finland. The light in his eyes was a tonic. He was an expert on skis, and just itching to be in a party attacking the Russian lines of communication on his skis.

The Finns are not beaten yet by a long way. According to reports the Russians have suffered terrific casualties. To advance through or over the evidence of these does not heighten the morale of reinforcements, whatever their nationality may be. The eyes of the whole world are on Finland to-day. The whole course of the world may be altered on the soil of Finland within the next few weeks. It is curious to reflect that the Allies and Germany can at the moment be engaged in a war to the death, and yet the whole centre of gravity should have shifted to someone else's war in which they are not engaged. There is no doubt that Hitler has been waiting on the issue in Finland. It is also clear that the weeks and months of delay have been helpful to the nations on each side of Europe. It has given them time to perfect their defences and put their houses in order. It has also brought about a firmer and better understanding between the Balkan countries themselves, and our friends the Turks daily make their friendship more deep.

Meantime, the Royal Navy and all those engaged upon the sea carry out their tasks to the admiration of us all, and the co-operation between the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force gets even closer.

The arrival of the first contingent of the Canadian R.A.F. is pleasing news and these men are the forerunners of many thousands to follow. So also is the news of the early completion of five new battleships, as announced by Mr. Winston Churchill recently.

We are now well into March, the month in which so much has been prophesied for us. A few days ago, at Eastbourne, I attended a lecture, with slides on Germany and Italy. It had nothing whatever to do with the war. It was historical, and we were shown most beautiful slides of historical buildings in both countries. I came away with the thought as to whether Hitler and Mussolini would mind the destruction of those magnificent buildings. In my own mind I was convinced that Mussolini would mind very much. In the last war I was in Venice, the day after an enemy raid which very nearly got St. Mark's and the Bridge of Sighs.

As regards Hitler I was of opinion that he would not mind one bit what happens to any of his buildings, and would shed no more tears over them than he would over St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey. Strangely enough I have since read in an article in the *Journal of the Overseas League* that Hitler is known to be very proud of his new building schemes in Berlin, and he certainly does not wish to risk their destruction. It may be that the ex-corporal would not worry very much about the old historical buildings and castles, but he would not like anything with which he had been connected to be dashed to the ground.

Incidentally, we were shown slides of buildings which are shortly to be reduced to ruins in order to prepare the enormous parade ground on which Hitler is to review 1,000,000 of his victorious troops after the war!

Lord Halifax's talk on "Youth" gave us much to think about. It is incredible that not only the youth of a nation but practically a whole nation can be encircled in a sort of prison camp in which no one is allowed to think or speak, but merely to follow an ex-corporal and a team of gangsters, and yet that is the point to which that great nation of art and culture has come. It was in *Mein Kampf* that Hitler said, "You have no idea how one has to swindle the people." The day will dawn when that great people will realise that they have been "welshed." They will realise that all their money and belongings have gone, and that the "bookies and crookies" have departed with the swag. Some day the sun may shine, and they may at last find that a land of freedom lies in front of them in which the British nation will be the first to give them a welcome.

It was at 11 a.m. on Sunday, September 3, 1939, six months ago to-day, that I sat in my garden with the wireless turned on, waiting for the verdict, and learnt from our Prime Minister that we were at war. A tragic moment. Our hearts literally stood still, and we saw nothing before us but those terrible casualty lists of 1914-18. We saw the sky full of enemy planes, and we feared the most terrible casualties amongst women and children. We feared that we were late in our preparations, and longed for time to get ready for this contest. Hitler has given us that time—why, we do not know, but no doubt we shall before long.

HONOUR TO THE MEN WHO MAN THE TRAWLER AND MINESWEEPER FLEETS

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound talking to trawlermen at a north-east naval station on the occasion of his recent visit of inspection. He was accompanied by Rear-Admiral Welwood Maxwell. It is the trawlermen who have been the chief victims of the Nazis' brutality in machine-gunning and bombing unarmed fishing vessels

FINLAND CONTINUES to CAPTURE RUSSIAN BOOTY

Big Hauls of Material on the Forest Fronts, in Spite of the Pressure on the Mannerheim Line

A WRECKED RUSSIAN PLANE being carried away on three Finnish lorries after it had been shot down on one of the northern fronts. It had evidently been a very large bomber, judging by the size of the wings, seen on the right, and the two big "power eggs," each on separate lorries

AN UNDAMAGED RUSSIAN PLANE was captured recently in the forest country around Suomussalmi. Its position had been partly camouflaged by young fir trees. It was found thus at the edge of a clearing—evidence of a stampede, or the precipitate departure of scared troops, which seems to be the Russian procedure when the supply lines are cut

A VARIETY OF MACHINE-GUNS have also been captured by the Finns. In fact, variety seems to be the note of the Russian equipment generally—and something of everything does not lead to a ready supply of spare parts! Nearly all these captures were made on the forest roads

A COURAGEOUS GESTURE BY FINLAND has been the opening of a War Loot Exhibition in Helsinki. There has been no lack of material of all kinds. This wheeled machine-gun appears to have been fitted out with a sledge-runner equipment. Quite an array of captured planes is exhibited in a large hall hung with Finnish flags. Some of the planes are in a battered condition

THE DEPTH-CHARGE—BRITAIN'S REPLY TO THE U-BOAT

A Naval Weapon Developed from the Last War which has Spelled Disaster for the German Submarine

HOW NAVAL OFFICERS AND MEN ARE TRAINED IN THE USE OF DEPTH-CHARGES AND THEIR "THROWERS"

Since the outbreak of war the Royal Navy has demonstrated that the most effective weapon for use against the U-boat is the depth-charge. This is, in effect, a huge underwater bomb, which can be set to explode at any desired depth, and thus cause disablement or total destruction of any underwater craft in the immediate vicinity. The depth-charges are distributed over a suspected area by "sowing," and are either dropped over the stern or projected by means of throwers as illustrated in diagrammatic form on the following pages

WHAT A DEPTH-CHARGE "THROWER" LOOKS LIKE—THIS "BATTERY" OF THEM, JUST COMPLETED, IS AWAITING TEST AT A BRITISH FACTORY

The depth-charge was evolved by the British Admiralty after experimental development by the engineering department of Manchester University in the last war. By the end of 1939, declared Mr. Churchill recently, it had been responsible for the destruction of half the submarines with which Germany had entered the war in September last. On this and the following pages we explain the manner in which this highly efficient method of destruction is operated—mainly from the stern of a destroyer steaming at a good speed over the spot where the presence of a submarine is suspected

AFTER THE DISCHARGE: THE CLOUD OF SMOKE AFTER THE "THROWER" HAS BEEN FIRED

HOW THE DEPTH-CHARGE "THROWER" IS TESTED BEFORE DELIVERY TO THE NAVY

The two pictures illustrated here show the thorough tests to which the throwers are subjected in the factories. The upper picture shows a weight, of several hundred-weights, which is thrown high and far into soft earth; it is then retrieved and used over again. *On the right* a complete dummy is being tested; the depth-charge being held in a "carrier" which fits into the barrel of the thrower

CADET OFFICERS RECEIVING INSTRUCTION IN DEPTH-CHARGE OPERATION FROM A CHIEF PETTY OFFICER AT H.M.S. "KING ALFRED"

In order to combat the U-boat menace which now seems to be Germany's sole attempt at naval warfare, many civilians are undergoing a course of instruction at H.M.S. *King Alfred*, one of the Navy's training establishments. These civilians are usually amateur yachtsmen, motor-boat owners, and general "small boat" men, all with a knowledge of the sea and its vagaries; the course they undergo is an intensive one of three months, after which they are passed out as temporary officers of the Royal Navy. In this picture the C.P.O. is exhibiting to the cadets a sectioned model of a depth-charge. (*A diagram of this will be found on the following page*)

THE DEPTH-CHARGE

—Nightmare of the Submarine

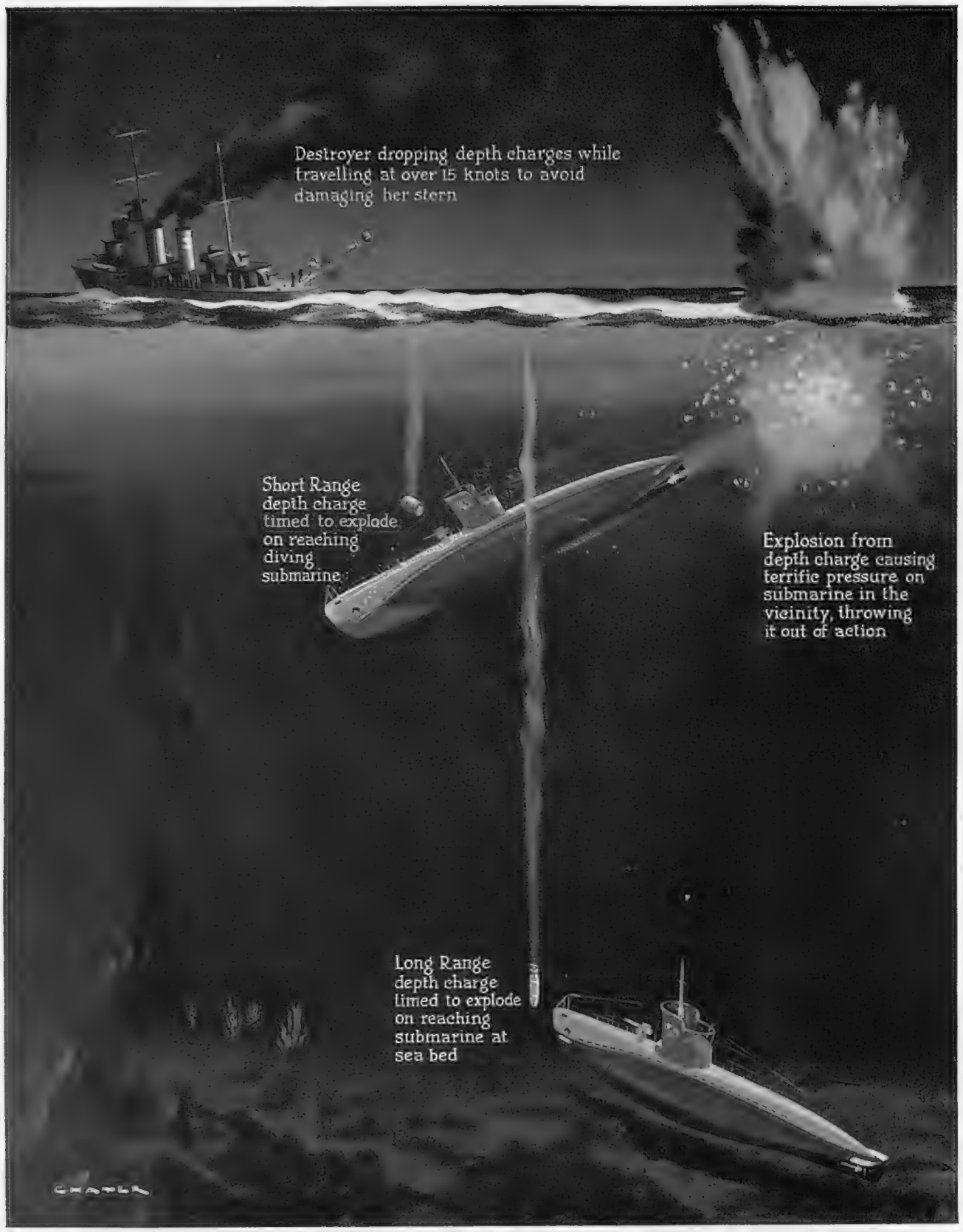
THE now familiar depth-charge was one of the new weapons introduced into the naval service during the last war, and is, like the mine, handled by the Torpedo Department. It is, in effect, a submarine bomb, and is used for attacking submarines when they are submerged and are invulnerable to most other weapons.

It is of very simple construction, consisting merely of a cylindrical light metal container, filled with a high-explosive charge of T.N.T. This cylinder is dropped or projected into the sea, sinks under the influence of gravity and is detonated automatically at a predetermined depth below the surface. The depth at which detonation occurs is controlled by a hydrostatic valve, which is adjusted beforehand at a pressure corresponding to that of the water at that depth, the actual adjustment used being varied according to the circumstances and the locality, as is explained below.

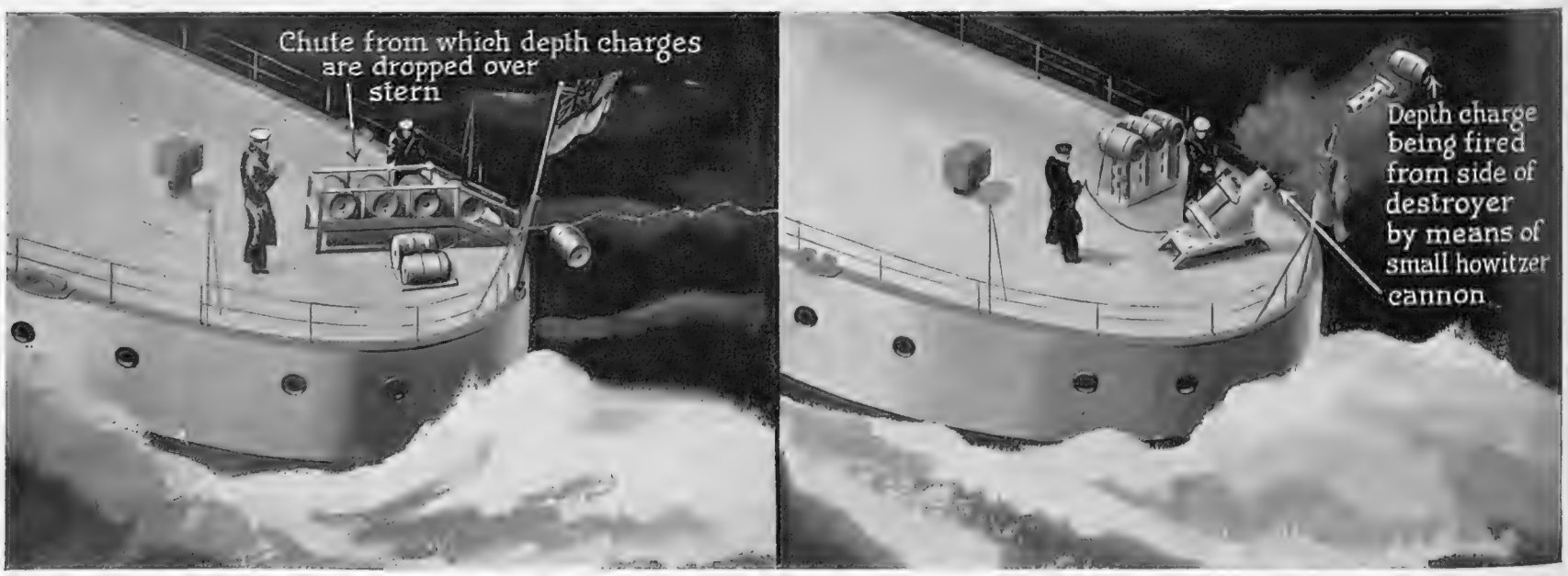
The amount of explosive used is relatively large, because, since it is exceedingly improbable that the depth-charge will be in contact with its target at the moment of detonation, it is desirable that its destructive radius shall be as wide as practicable. Owing, however, to the fact that water is incompressible, its destructive radius is very much wider than might be imagined, and than it would be in the air.

Being of simple and sturdy construction, depth-charges require little or no attention and can be kept ready for use and in position, regardless of exposure to the elements. Their exposure to enemy gunfire when in this position represents no danger, since even a direct hit would fail to detonate them. They are firmly secured by wire strops either to a chute, from which they can be dropped over the stern, or to a carrier, loaded into the muzzle of a thrower, from which (together with the carrier) they can be projected. In either case the discharge can be, and usually is, effected from the bridge, where it is under the direct control of the commanding officer who is manœuvring the ship.

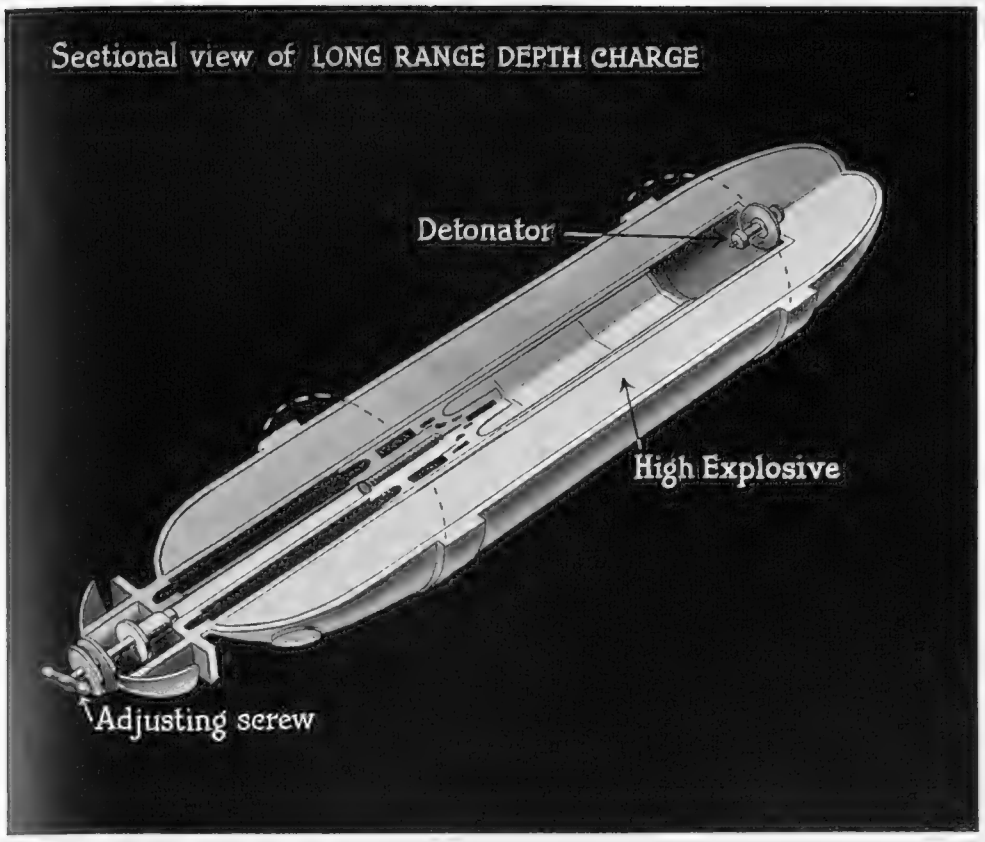
When it is realised that a depth-charge sinks at a rate of about ten feet per second, that it is usually set to go off at a considerable depth below the surface and that its destructive radius is considerably greater than that depth, it becomes obvious that it is a weapon which can be used only by a vessel moving at high speed. The depth-charge is used as a weapon primarily by destroyers and fast patrol vessels, such as are employed specifically on anti-submarine work, which carry a large number of them in their chutes and which are provided with depth-charge throwers.

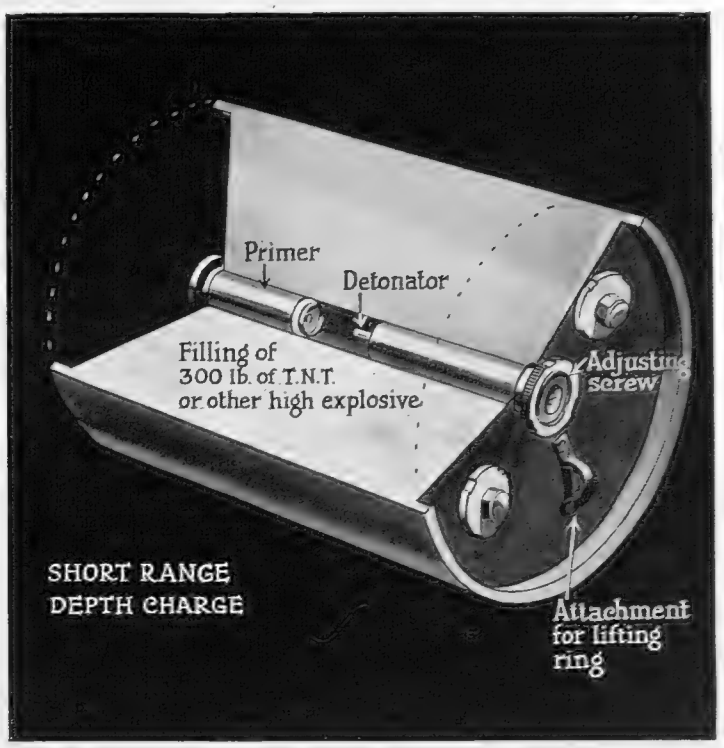


HOW THE DESTROYER ATTACKS ITS SWORN FOE Whether at short range or long range, the depth-charge can reach the submarine by adjusting the timing. The destroyer must, however, continue at a good speed when discharging her dangerous projectiles in order to avoid damaging her own stern when the inevitable explosion occurs. It will be noticed that there is a difference in the shape of the two charges: this difference is further brought out in the two drawings in the upper right hand



THE TWO METHODS OF PROJECTING THE DEPTH-CHARGE—BY DROPPING IT OVER THE STERN OR BY FIRING IT FROM A "THROWER" The thrower is, in effect, a small howitzer cannon. The *right hand* drawing demonstrates the method by which both charge and "carrier" are hurled forth: the "carrier," once it has served to hurl the charge into the air, has no further utility. For quicker working, and for the sowing of a number of charges in rapid succession, the chute system, illustrated *on the left*, is very effective





THE TWO TYPES OF DEPTH-CHARGE

The long cylinder which houses the long-range charge (*on left*); and the more squat and chubby short-range type

The method of attack with depth-charges depends, of course, on the circumstances under which the attack is delivered. Thus, for instance, it may be that the presence of a submarine, which has not been seen, may be detected by destroyers or other patrol vessels fitted with Asdic apparatus. By means of this apparatus the position of the lurking enemy can be located, and once this has been done, since the submarine, with its periscopes submerged, is blind and therefore probably motionless, the remainder is comparatively easy—more especially as the victim is possibly unaware even that the searchers know where she is.

One of the hunting warships steams at high speed over the spot where she lies submerged. As she passes over that spot the attacking vessel releases one or more depth-charges, running on in order not to have her own stern blown off by their detonation. In her wake there rises a great mound of water, which is hopefully examined through glasses to see if it contains portions of the submarine as indication of her destruction. If it does not, the attacking vessel steams back again more or less over the same spot, releasing a few more depth-charges, and this procedure is repeated until the tell-tale patch of oil reveals that her missiles have done their job.

Described by
LIEUT.-COMMANDER
EDGAR P. YOUNG
(R.N., Retired)

It may happen, however, that the presence of the enemy submarine is detected only when she has discharged her torpedo, and in such a case events move more rapidly and with less certainty of success. The attacking vessel must attempt to guess what evading action has been taken by the submarine. All that is known is that she was once at the spot from which the revealing track of the torpedo originated. She may merely have flooded her tanks still more and submerged herself deeper without moving away; she may have turned in any direction and proceeded at any speed at her disposal under water (which is, of course, not great).

The commanding officer of the attacking vessel can only try to put himself in the place of his adversary and, taking into consideration navigational considerations, such as the depth of water and perhaps the presence of mines, as well as the tactical disposition, to guess what he has done. Time is of vital importance, for every second's delay increases the effect of any, even slight, miscalculation of the attacker. Steaming at high speed to the spot where it is reckoned that the submarine will then be, the attacking vessel attempts to make allowance for any error in her reckoning by discharging depth-charges.

If the first attack is a failure it may be repeated again and again, but always with decreasing chances of success, unless, as may happen in clear and shallow water, the attacker is aided by an aeroplane which can see the submarine.

So far as the submarine is concerned her only protection against the depth-charge is to avoid it. If it detonates anywhere near her, it may, even if it does not destroy her, so damage her comparatively thin outer hull (between which and her stout pressure hull are situated the ballast tanks) that she will be unable ever again to rise to the surface. If she is large, and if there is enough water beneath her keel, her best defence is to dive very deep, but if she is small, or in any case if she is in shallow water, she can only manœuvre blindly beneath the surface, hoping to throw her pursuers off her track. The nerve strain imposed on her personnel is very considerable, especially if the depth-charges detonate close enough to her to put out the lighting.

THE DEPTH-CHARGE "CARRIERS" BEING PASSED AT A BRITISH FACTORY

The depth-charges are placed on these carriers, and fired from the barrel of the "thrower" or howitzer

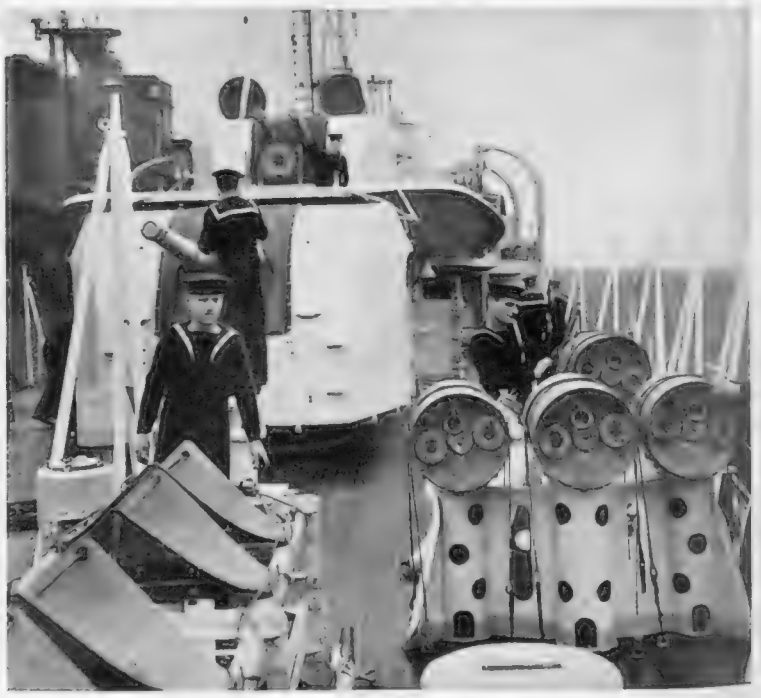
AN EFFECTIVE SYSTEM FOR SOWING DEPTH-CHARGES OVER A CONSIDERABLE AREA

By employing two "throwers" and two "chutes" simultaneously a destroyer can most effectively cover a very considerable area, bringing almost certain destruction to any submarine lurking below the surface. By this means the underwater craft cannot escape once its position is known with any exactness

THE SUBMARINE HAS BEEN LOCATED AND THE CREW OF THE DESTROYER HEAVE THE DEPTH-CHARGE OVER THE SIDE—A PICTURE TAKEN DURING AN ANTI-U-BOAT CAMPAIGN IN THE NORTH SEA

THE DEPTH-CHARGE, MOUNTED ON ITS "CARRIER," BEING LOADED INTO THE "THROWER"

Note how the howitzer has been strongly secured to the deck, a necessary precaution in view of the recoil when the gun is fired — another picture taken during a North Sea campaign



DEPTH-CHARGES STACKED IN READINESS ON BOARD A NAVAL ESCORT VESSEL

As long ago as early February Mr. Geoffrey Shakespeare revealed in the House of Commons that the U-boat menace had been mastered. Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Churchill have since reiterated this fact. Mr. Shakespeare, on the same occasion, went on to say that the methods of the British Navy in hunting out and destroying submarines were more advanced than any others in the world; and in nine cases out of ten, when a submarine was known to be in a given place its exact position could be located. Recently the anti-submarine campaign has been so intensified in the North Sea that Mr. Churchill was able to declare a few days ago that only ten enemy submarines at a time have been able to operate against Allied and neutral shipping.

WHEN THE DEPTH-CHARGE EXPLODES

The Method of Launching the Charge; and the Terrific Force of the Ensuing Explosion

HOW THE MURDEROUS U-BOAT IS BEING HUNTED DOWN. BRITISH DESTROYERS METHODICALLY COMBING A GIVEN AREA WITH THEIR TREMENDOUS UNDERWATER BOMBS

Against a modern destroyer, equipped with every device of destruction, the submarine (except in the rarest and luckiest circumstances) is practically helpless. When two or three destroyers work in conjunction, as seen in the picture above, the submarine's only hope of escape is breathless immobility on the sea bottom until the menace from above is removed. Note the terrific force of the underwater explosions as the depth-charge performs its terrible task

WHEN THE DEPTH-CHARGE GOES OFF—THE TERRIFIC FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION

As pointed out by Lieut.-Commander Young in his article on the preceding pages, the fact that water is incompressible makes the destructive radius of the depth-charge very much wider than might be imagined and than it might be in the air. The two pictures reproduced here give an impression of the great forces involved in the explosion of a charge

BADGES of RANK of the THREE FORCES

How to Tell the Grade of an Officer in the Navy, Army, and Air Force

THE ROYAL NAVY

The rank of a naval officer, betokened by the number and thickness of the gold stripes on his sleeves, as shown in the accompanying illustrations, is also an indication of his financial status in the Service world. The normal rates of pay, always reckoned by the day, are as follows:

Admiral of the Fleet, £7 4s. 10d.; admiral, £6 6s. 6d.; vice-admiral, £5 8s. 8d.; rear-admiral, £4 10s. 6d.; commodore, 1st class, £4 10s. 6d.; captain, £2 14s. 4d., rising to £3 7s. 10d. after nine years; commander, £1 16s. 2d., rising to £2 10s. 6d. after twelve years; lieutenant-commander, £1 7s. 2d., rising to £1 14s. 10d. after twelve years; lieutenant, 13s. 6d.; after four years, 15s. 4d.; after six years, 18s. 2d.; sub-lieutenant, 9s.; acting sub-lieutenant, 7s. 8d.; midshipman, 5s.; naval cadet, 4s.

But officers with special qualifications, such as engineers, accountants, medical officers and so on, qualify for higher rates of pay according to circumstances. It may be noted that the branch to which a naval officer belongs is indicated by a strip of coloured cloth between his gold stripes, engineers having a purple strip, surgeons a scarlet strip, and so on. Officers of the executive branch alone have no distinguishing colour.

The Royal Naval Reserve and the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve may be distinguished by the wavy stripes on their sleeves. The Fleet Air Arm is again differentiated by a small letter "A" in the circle above the sleeve stripe.

THE ARMY

Sleeve badges on officers' uniforms were abolished in 1920 as part of the process of making leaders less conspicuous in battle. To-day the only indication of an officer's rank is the marking on his shoulder strap. From this marking we can deduce the following broad particulars as to the officer's pecuniary reward:

General (in command), £9 1s.; (not in command), £6 6s.; lieut.-general (in command), £6 15s.; (not in command), £5 8s. 8d.; major-general, £4 10s. 6d.; brigadier, £2 18s. 4d.; colonel, on appointment, £2 9s. 10d.; after two years in substantive rank, £2 12s. 6d.; after four years, £2 15s. 2d.; after six years, £2 18s.; lieut.-colonel, £2 3s.; major, £1 8s. 6d.; captain, 16s. 6d.; after eleven years, 19s.; after fourteen years, £1 3s. 6d.; lieutenant, 13s.; after six years, 14s. 6d.; second lieutenant, 11s.

Once again, however, higher rates are paid (always per diem) in special or technical corps, these being fixed from time to time by Royal Warrant.

It may further be noted, in the case of the Army, that coloured "gorget patches," that is, tabs on the lapels, indicate various branches of the service to which certain officers of the rank of colonel and over belong. Similarly cloth armlets are worn by officers below the rank of colonel who hold staff appointments. The letter on these armlets show the particular branch to which the officer is attached, for instance "M.S." for military secretary's, "G." for general staff, "Q." for quarter-master-general's, and so on.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE

As in the Navy, the rank of officer in the R.A.F. is shown by gold stripes on the sleeves, blue stripes on service dress uniforms, except on great-coats, where similar stripes on the shoulder straps provide the indication. Rates of pay according to these ranks are as follows:

Acting pilot officer, 11s. 10d.; pilot officer, 14s. 6d.; flying officer, 18s. 2d.; flight-lieutenant, £1 1s. 9d.; squadron leader, £1 10s. 10d.; wing commanders, £660 10s. to £888 3s. 4d. per annum, according to duties; captains, £909 9s. 2d. to £1,058 10s., according to duties; air commodore, £1,113 5s.; air vice-marshal, £1,651 12s. 6d.; air marshal, £1,983 3s. 4d.; air chief marshal, £2,311 13s. 4d. But the lower ranks, from acting pilot officer to squadron leader, also receive different rates of pay according to the nature of duties. The general rule is that officers engaged in administration and similar ground work receive slightly less, but "professional" officers such as doctors, dentists and lawyers often receive more.

It is also of interest to note that a pilot can be distinguished by the double-wings worn on left breast, and an observer by the single wing proceeding from an "O."

PENSIONS FOR OFFICERS

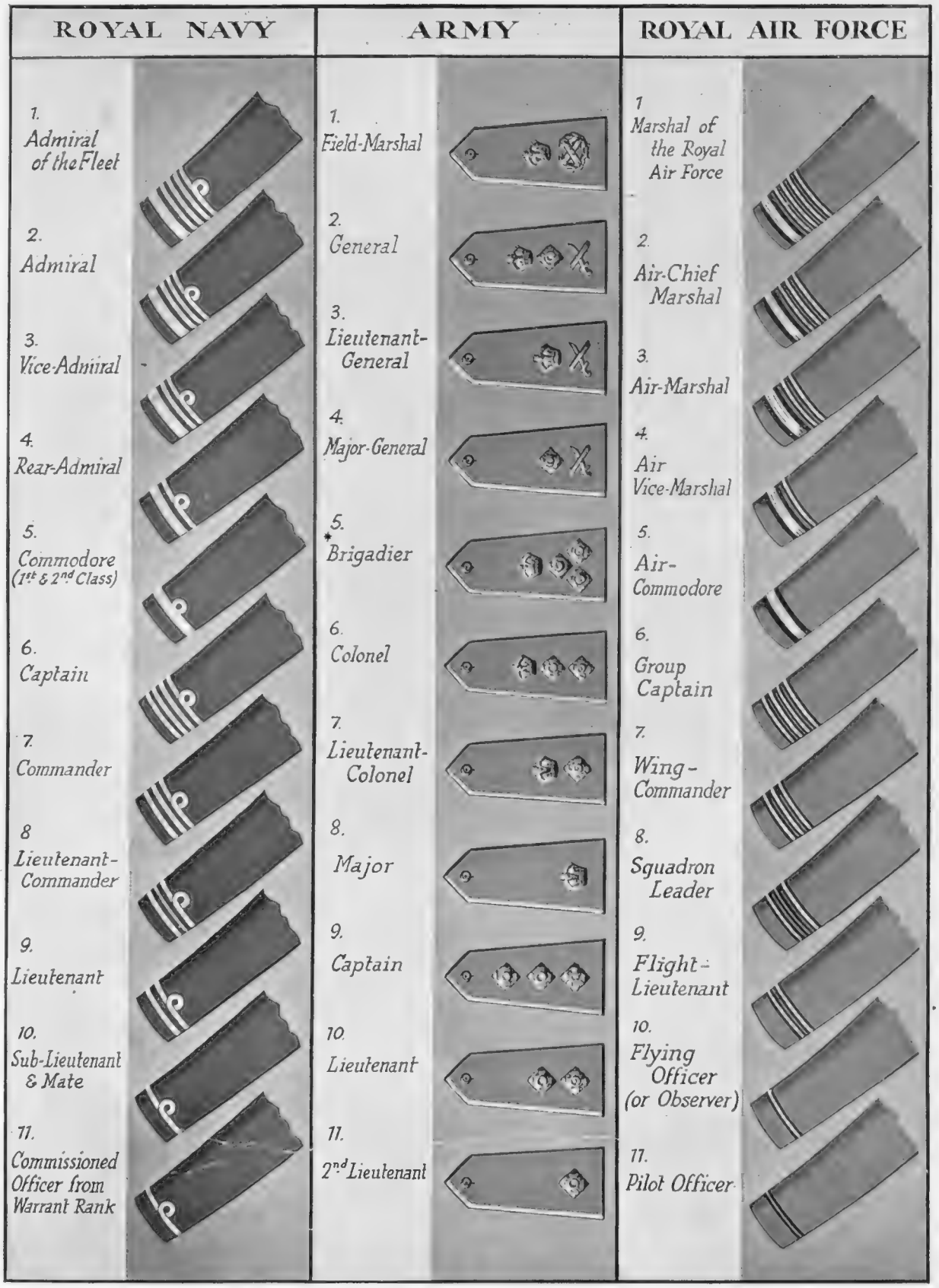
The whole subject of pensions is too involved for a concise statement in this place, but the rank indications in our chart again tell an interesting story. It is certainly worth while to earn promotion in the Armed Forces to-day. For instance, a colonel receives £300 a year in case of total disablement as compared with £150 for a captain or subaltern. The widow of an admiral, field-marshal, or marshal of the R.A.F., can claim £600 per annum from the State in the case of her husband's death; the widow of an officer of the lowest rank receives £90 per annum. Substantial gratuities, ranging from £100 to £2,000, are payable in addition to the pension in the case of dependants of R.A.F. officers killed in action or on flying duty.

Officers of all the Services also qualify for various allowances, according to their single or married status, and their duties.

THE CAP—A Subsidiary Indication

It should furthermore be mentioned that cap decoration, especially in the case of senior officers, is a general subsidiary indication of rank, although this method is not so important to-day as in the past, thanks to the modern trend towards elimination of all distinctions between officers and men on active service.

Donald Cowie



THE DISTINGUISHING BADGES OF RANK OF THE THREE FORCES: ARRANGED IN ORDER OF THEIR IMPORTANCE

In the left hand column are the varying gold bands on the sleeves of naval officers, rising from the single gold band and curl of the commissioned warrant officer rank to the broad band and four bands and curl of the Admiral of the Fleet. The broad band begins with the rank of Commodore. In the centre column are the shoulder strap badges of the Army; there are no longer any sleeve markings. The devices consist of stars, crowns, and crossed swords. The third column shows the cuff markings of the R.A.F., gold with colours ranging from maroon to green and grey in between, all on the light blue of the air force uniform. The eleven grades are placed parallel with one another, so that their relative rank can be seen at a glance. Thus a naval Captain ranks with a Colonel and both of them with a Group Captain

SPECIAL SECTION—THE EMPIRE'S EFFORT

COMRADES IN ARMS

Australians, New Zealanders, and Indians Rally to the Empire's Cause

THE NEW ZEALANDERS PREPARE THEIR DESERT CAMP IN EGYPT

The New Zealand Expeditionary Force, under the command of Major-General B. C. Freyberg, V.C., who arrived recently at Suez, have been settling down in their desert camp. The King's message of welcome came as a complete surprise and was heartily cheered

FIRST CONTINGENTS OF THE SECOND AUSTRALIAN IMPERIAL FORCE GO TO PALESTINE

The Dominions Secretary also visited the Australians who recently arrived at Suez and moved up into Palestine. Brigadier Allen said, "When the British Empire is at war, we are. We will serve with everything at our command"

INDIAN TROOPS ENCAMPED NEAR THE PYRAMIDS WERE INSPECTED BY MR. ANTHONY EDEN

In addition to Australia and New Zealand, the Empire in the Near East is represented by contingents from India. In the brilliant sunshine of Egypt, they were inspected by the Dominions Secretary

"Before I left London," said Mr. Eden, "his Majesty charged me to repeat to you at the moment of your arrival his congratulations for the safe accomplishment of your journey and his best wishes for your future welfare. It is my privilege on behalf of his Majesty's Government and every section of the people of the British Isles to thank you for your loyal help and to bid you a heartfelt welcome. I feel sure you wish to join me in expressing deep appreciation of the action of our Egyptian friends and Allies in offering you such a hospitable reception on this historic occasion"

ON THE WESTERN LINE WITH BRITISH AND INDIAN TROOPS: Scenes Recorded in a Variety of Weathers

THE INDIAN AUXILIARY TRANSPORT ON THE WESTERN LINE IS INSPECTED BY THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR

Accompanying the fine body of Punjabi Moslems now in the French lines and an inseparable part of the picture are the mules which both carry loads on the back and draw light army carts, as seen here. Both men and beasts are well looked after

THESE MEN ST
THEIR FATHE
TWENTY-FIVE

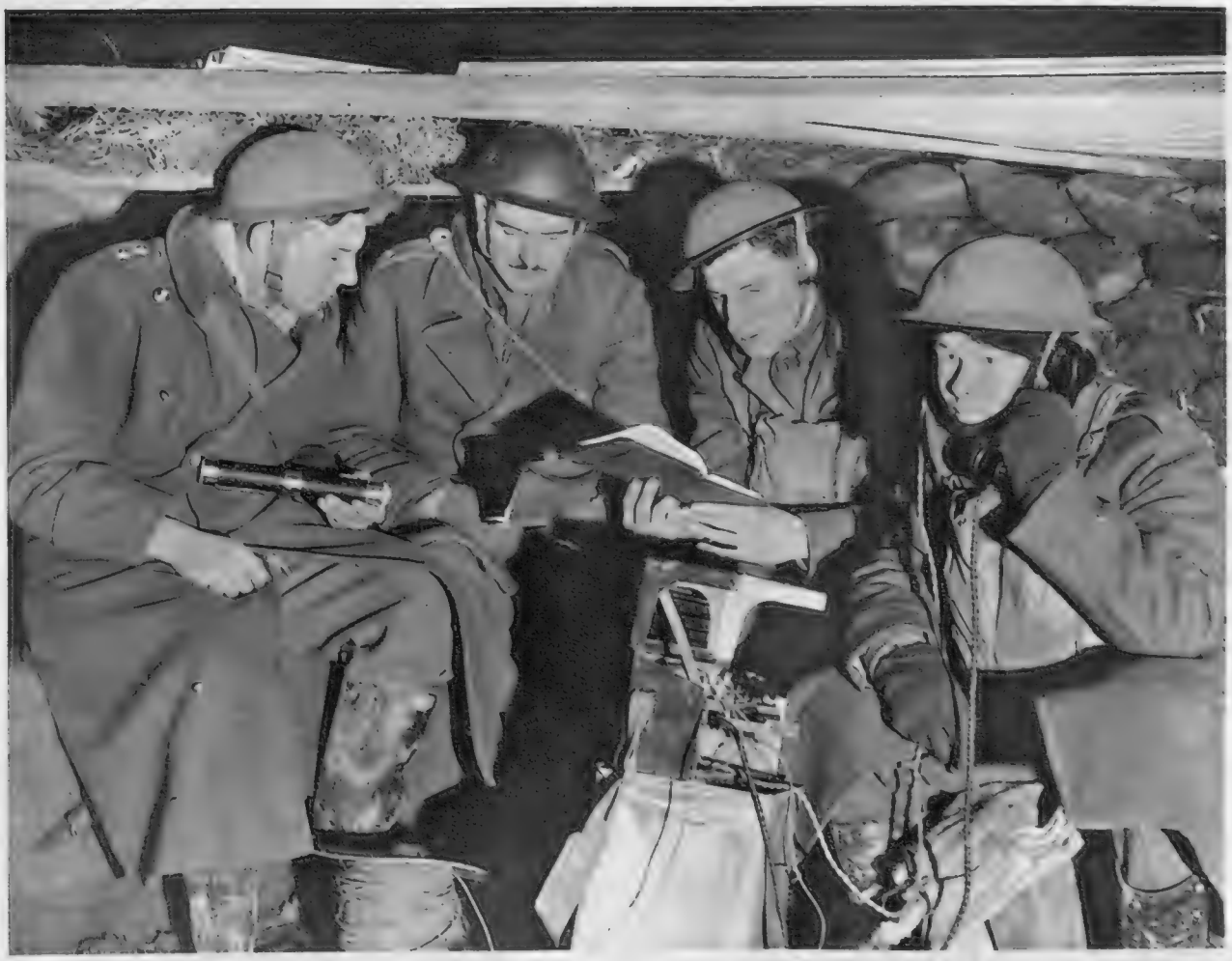
On left—A STUDY IN BILLETS IN FRANCE. *Above*—TROOPS IN FRANCE FACE SNOW, HAIL, SLEET AND RAIN

These gunners are protecti
proof ground-sheets which
be worn as capes. Havin
in shape, when used as ca
on the right; thus the right
better to be three-quarters
article serve two purposes
left is wearing puttees over
short canvas gaiters are is
their adherents. They give
the leg; and, when taken

This D'Artagnan trio is composed of three well-equipped Welsh Guardsmen who are completing their training behind the lines in France. Hefty men they are and carry Bren gun, anti-tank gun, and trench mortar as if they were nothing more than walking sticks. Behind them the ruined building, damaged in the last war, links them with the great conflict of 1914–18

IEN STAND WHERE
FATHERS FOUGHT
FIVE YEARS AGO

rotecting themselves from the rain with water-
which are fitted with buttons so that they can
Having, as ground-sheets, to be rectangular
as capes they hang lower on the left side than
ne right leg is apt to get a little wet. But it is
uarters dry than not dry at all; and making one
rposes lightens a man's load. The man on the
es over his trousers and ankle-boots. Although
are issued with battle-dress, puttees still have
y give three thicknesses of tough cloth to protect
taken off, can be dried easily in front of a fire



A FIELD TELEPHONE SQUAD RECEIVING INFORMATION REGARDING DIRECTIONS OF GUNFIRE FROM AN OBSERVATION POST

The whole business of field communication has been carefully developed. Conspicuous in this work is the Corps of Signals who have constructed a network of hidden switchboard centres in cellars and other concealed spots. Messages are flashed from anywhere to anywhere through a network of lines

Above—The First Squadron of the Royal Canadian Air Force arrive at a north-west port after a safe passage from their secret point of departure in Canada

The CANADIAN AIRMEN arrive

Captain H. H. Balfour, Air Under-Secretary, said that the arrival of the Contingent gave the world just one more sign of the fact that as the months of war went on our united effort got stronger and stronger towards the achievement of the task which was common to every one of them.

"We are very glad to have your help and your support," he said, "but remember that we are fighting a formidable enemy, and it would be a great mistake to underrate the ruthlessness of the way the enemy is willing to fight this war on the strength which he has.

"The fact that we do not underrate the enemy does not in the least detract from the fact that we are absolutely confident that we who are fighting for liberty, you and all of us, are bound to be successful. The coming of your unit is bringing success that much nearer, and as more units come from our partners across the seas so the hour of victory draws nearer."

On left—Drawn up on the quayside, they listened to Captain Balfour's words of welcome. Like the Field Force units, they came from every part of the Dominion—from towns, cities, remote prairie farms and the most northerly settlements

ORGANISERS OF THE WORLD'S WAR NEWS

The Astonishing Organisation by which News is Collected, Dispatched and Teleprinted Instantaneously in Distant Capitals—a Comparison of Reuters' and the B.B.C.'s Listening and Broadcasting Systems

By NOEL THOMPSON

EACH day ninety years ago a stream of pigeons would fly wearily into the lofts of a small and undistinguished-looking house at Aix-la-Chapelle. A young bank clerk named Julius Reuter would take from their legs messages giving the latest stock exchange prices from Brussels, and would flash them through the German telegraphic system to all the big towns and banking houses of Germany.

Thus the latest market prices from the Paris Bourse were distributed hours quicker than the official lists which had to travel from Brussels to Aix-la-Chapelle by horse coach.

A few days ago I was in a palatial modern office in Fleet Street. Before me lay a message announcing the sinking of a Swedish ship. In one minute it had been sub-edited and received a red seal—meaning "dynamite," or urgent. Five seconds later a representative of the Censor had it on his desk and was passing it. Thirty seconds later it had flashed down a tube to a small room on the next floor, and in a few more seconds it was going out by wireless to every capital in Europe, except Berlin, who probably took it unofficially. The newspaper offices of Europe received it typed in capital letters on special machines (known as Hell machines) and within another few minutes the newsboys of Stockholm, and elsewhere, were out in the streets announcing the loss in the evening papers. Such is ninety years of progress of Reuters, the greatest wholesalers of news in the world. One more item of service had been completed according to routine.

It is rather a shaming admission for a journalist, after fifteen years in Fleet Street, to confess that I had taken for granted much that was implied by the one word "Reuters" which I had read in newspapers every day of my working life; that I was remarkably ignorant of its extensive use in every country in the world at the top (or foot) of tens of thousands of words daily; and that I knew little about the news collection and distribution, barring the obvious employment of telephones, cables, wireless, and teleprinters.

There are no figures available to show what his pigeon service cost young Julius Reuter, but the modern company with its associated agencies spends something like £6,000,000 a year combing the world for news, a figure which would have astounded Baron de Reuter as he was created. Long before he died he became a naturalised Englishman, and the company is now 100 per cent. British, under the chairmanship of Sir Roderick Jones.

While taximen, as mine did, may prefer to try and anglicise the name to "Rooters" instead of "Royters," the world knows the agency as British. And how the Germans loathe it!

In the last war whole issues of newspapers were devoted to attacking it. A submarine cable was cut, and when the repair ship arrived to inspect the damage, they found in a bottle a message stating that the submarine which had engineered the cutting had done so to "put a stop to Reuters' damned anti-German work."

In fact, in this war, as in the last, there is no anti-German work. Propaganda, as such, is rigidly excluded from any message sent out. Both sides of a case are given. This very impartiality impresses the neutrals immensely. They feel they can rely on the news they receive—and they publish it. I saw one South American paper, printed in Portuguese, which carried fifteen Reuter stories on one page alone. Neutral news agencies distribute the news throughout their whole country direct as they receive it from Reuters. If propaganda stories crept in, or the Government had any hand in the finance or control, half the influence would be lost.

In fact, of course, the Government have nothing to do with Reuters. In France the Havas Agency has a connection with the Government. The German D.N.B. service is naturally absolutely controlled. That is why Goebbels can rage, and does rage, to see plain unvarnished truth going out to the world, because *he* dare not tell it.

When war became a possibility every plan for putting the service on a war footing was already in hand. All over the world correspondents were being moved like pawns to new areas. New local headquarters had to be arranged, or old ones reinforced to meet the expected rush. Places like Stockholm, Amsterdam, Zurich, Oslo, Budapest, Bucharest, Moscow, Brussels, encircling Germany, became focal points. Peace news had to give way to war news—and a major percentage of the messages now sent out are concerned with the war. Every day by wireless thousands more words have to be issued, which means a hugely increased bill to the G.P.O.

And here I think it would be interesting to say something about the correspondents covering the war directly. Their names never appear, but they are in fact A. D. Skene Catling, with the B.E.F., a man who served through the last war and a brilliant writer; R. N. Walling, with the R.A.F. in France, and Nicolas R. Bodington, with the French Army. The latter two are both in the early thirties.

In Finland up till a week ago was an old Oxford football Blue and Olympic runner, Vernon Morgan; at present his place is held by Gordon Young, formerly Reuters' chief correspondent in Berlin, and now operating from Stockholm.

So much for the senior men, under whom are a number of assistants in Finland and elsewhere.

Apart from the millions in this country who read Reuters' reports, what about some figures overseas? To give a world list would take too long, but here are the numbers of newspapers using Reuters' messages in a few countries. France 187, Denmark 144, Finland 89, Italy 70, China over 50, Japan 25, India, Burma, and Ceylon 50, and Poland had 89, which, needless to say, have discontinued taking the service. Even lonely St. Helena is supplied.

For twenty-four hours a day the news goes out. Thanks to marvellous co-operation from the G.P.O. the wireless tells the world. Engineers are in their own office in the building. Direct wires run to the transmitting stations. The Hell machine, as I have said, is a wireless teleprinter, by which the words are translated back from unintelligible sound into print in the newspaper offices of Europe.

But besides this there are the regular Morse messages which are received all over the world. Let me give an example. Suppose Mr. Chamberlain is making an important speech at Guildhall. Before he has sat down, three-quarters of the speech can be in type in Shanghai, or anywhere else. Paragraph by paragraph it is telephoned to headquarters and put over the wireless. A minute after a resounding phrase has echoed through the rafters of the Guildhall every country in the world will know about it.

There is another side which this war has introduced, that is the listening to foreign broadcasts from a special post "somewhere in the country." A trained staff, many of whom can speak five different languages, and are expert shorthand writers as well, listen for twenty-four hours a day to the world on the air.

From them comes to London a stream of reports and news. Very often the neutrals have powerful propaganda in these broadcasts. This is cut out. Scare rumours which go out over the air have to be checked by men on the spot, and re-cabled to London before they appear, very often a matter of only a few minutes after the actual broadcast hundreds of miles away.

In contrast, and I do not mean it to be unflattering, is the B.B.C., with their Monitor listening service and their broadcasts in nineteen languages. Clearly the B.B.C., strive as it may for impartiality, is suspect, being under Government control. Broadcasts in Portuguese, Serbo-Croat, German, Greek, Rumanian, Magyar, Arabic, Turkish, Spanish, French, Afrikaans, Italian, Polish, Czech, Bulgarian, and now in Dutch must have effect. The service has been quietly and quickly built up since the first broadcast in Arabic in 1938. If Reuters is the eyes of the war, the B.B.C. is the mouth and the ears. Fifty bulletins a day are put out throughout the twenty-four hours.

Their expert listeners are at work also for twenty-four hours in shifts. They have the strain of trying to hear through the worst atmospherics, and of reporting every word of interest. They listen to 150 news bulletins in fifteen different languages every day. These are recorded, as are important speeches, as well as taken down in shorthand, in order to have a double check. By telephone and teleprinter 250,000 words a day are sent off to be edited and cut down. Each day 30,000 words, a mere summary, are delivered to various Government departments. This summary, a weighty affair, goes to press at 8 a.m. At 11.30 the results of German broadcasts go out, and at 3 p.m. those of other countries.

Hundreds of people have applied to become one of these B.B.C. listening monitors, but few are chosen. Letters are received from all over the world telling of the effects of B.B.C. broadcasts, and the listeners, hearing news re-broadcast, can tell how our foreign bulletins go over. To show something of the numbers of listeners to our foreign broadcasts it is only necessary to state that there were 3,500 requests from Poland to the B.B.C. to try and trace 22,000 missing relatives and friends at the beginning of the war.

Well, that is the story of how news comes to this country in war-time, how it is disseminated again, where it goes and why. As to the effect, I can only repeat that the fury of the Germans is proof enough of the impartial statements to the world by Reuters. Rarely a day passes without an attack upon Reuters over the German wireless, whose continued but unavailing endeavour is to impeach the accuracy of that agency's news. And, equally, Goebbels and Lord Haw-Haw rage impotently against the B.B.C.

I can only end with the irrelevant comment, from Hamburg radio station, heard by one of the listening team in England.

"There is freedom of speech in the public houses in England, but only before closing time."

THE PRESS ROOM AT REUTERS' NEW PREMISES—A WONDERLAND OF INSTANTANEOUS NEWS DISTRIBUTION

In the foreground is the dispatch department for sending news to Australia and Canada and foreign countries. At the end of the room are the receiving and dispatching department for home news

FROM THE HEART OF LONDON, REUTERS SEND OUT MESSAGES TO EVERY PART

The new premises of Reuters tower above the surrounding buildings; and from the board room window this striking view of St. Paul's Cathedral is obtained

A MITRAILLEUSE POSITION ATTACHED TO A BATTALION OF CHASSEURS ALPINS

There is a distinctive touch about the French lines. If you were dropped from the air in front of one of these abris, or shelters, you would know you were in the French and not the British section of the line. These abris show a liking for the domestic which the poilu carries with him literally to within shell range

IN FRONT OF A SMALL ABRI WITH DOORWAY THE OFFICER DISCUSSES THE POSITION WITH A SOUS-OFFICIER

AT THE BACK OF THE FRONT

A Tour through the Various Army Zones which No Civilian can Enter or Leave Without a Pass

THE Old Lady sort of fixed me with one eye and said: "And where exactly does the Front begin, young man?"

Strangely enough, I had never thought of war, or more particularly, shall I say, this war, in terms of where the Front begins and ends, but when one does begin to think the matter over, one recalls that in this country of France there are, in fact, several Fronts which have to be kept under constant observation.

There is, for example, the Franco-Spanish frontier. It is quite quiet, but nevertheless there are approximately 350,000 prisoners still in camps, still not yet ready, or shall we say willing, to return to their own country. Most of the males have been put to work on the roads.

Then there is the Italian frontier Front. Here, at one time, as we all know, feeling was running rather high, but since the outbreak of war, there has been a much better understanding between the two Latin nations, but nevertheless a Front there still is. Then, a little farther north, there is the Swiss frontier Front, close to the "Hunningen Hole," and last, but by no means least, there is the Franco-Belgian frontier Front, but it is the so-called Western Front, of which the Franco-Belgian frontier forms a part, to which the Old Lady was referring when she wanted to know where it began.

It is very difficult to state the line of demarcation. Firstly, we must always remember that the Maginot Line, although it protects the French frontier, does not run parallel to that frontier. At no point does this line of defence even touch the frontier, although in length the defences run from the Channel to the Swiss frontier.

In this war, so very different from the last, one can at the present moment say there are several sectors, all of relative importance, but each entirely different. There is what we call the advance sector, which runs out far ahead of the Maginot Line and changes in pattern and form very rapidly. Then there is the Maginot Line itself, and then—and I am now trying to tell the Old Lady exactly where the Front begins—there are various sections behind the Maginot Line, and then gradually we come to what I think it fair enough to call "where the Front begins."

Perhaps the best way to start to describe it is to speak in general terms of how one goes to the Front. France is divided up into zones of the Army. A certain number of her departments, or counties, even those far removed from the scene of operations, are classed as Army zones, and no civilian can enter or leave that zone without a pass granted by the Prefect of the particular department in which the would-be traveller resides. No matter whether one travels by train or by motor-car, and more particularly by motor-car, a pass has to be ever handy to be shown when demanded.

By
HARRY J. GREENWALL

Let us imagine for a moment that we take a journey to the Front, taking the train for the first part of the journey, and then going on in a motor-car. Perhaps the Old Lady and others of her kind think the nearer one gets to the battle front, the more soldiers one sees. This is by no means the case, because in a war of this kind there are soldiers everywhere. General Gamelin and members of the General Headquarters' staff have a fixed plan, so they do not have to move their troops about constantly, as the Germans are for ever moving theirs. Well, here we go.

We leave the train at a small station and jump into a motor-car. The motor-car, of course, is painted in camouflaged pattern of colours, as are all motor vehicles not only on our side of the Front but also on the enemy side. This is perhaps the one thing which has not changed in any way since the last war, except that whereas in the last war camouflage was adopted some time after the war was begun, now everything was ready as soon as hostilities commenced.

We ride along an ordinary country road, and every now and again we are stopped by French gendarmes and asked to show our papers. Then, quite suddenly, we come to a full stop before gates which go right across the road. Here are French sentries on duty. It might be the entrance to some private estate, except that one can look through the gates and see that the road continues. Here our papers are examined once again, and if they have been properly stamped by the authorities, then we are allowed to proceed to our destination somewhere in the advanced zone of the armies. It may be to call on someone, to whom we are authorised to pay a call, in the Maginot Line, but of the forward section I hope to write in greater detail on some other occasion.

In some sections, instead of the French gendarmes, our papers will be examined by red-capped M.P.s; no, these are not Members of Parliament, but they are Military Police of the B.E.F., on duty; a duty which should the occasion arise, as it is bound to arise at some future time, will include the very stern duties of Battle Police. It is strange, but true, that on the battlefield there are certain rules and regulations which must be closely, and are closely, followed.

In the last war, certain roads, when an offensive was in progress or about to start, resembled perhaps nothing so much as the London–Epsom road on Derby Day. There was the utmost confusion, the traffic far less well regulated than on Derby Day. Horses and motor-cars and lorries and mules and guns seemed to be strung about all over the place.

Now, so well has everything been thought out and planned, when there has been a movement of troops, that everything went off like clockwork, as the saying is. The same precision will be followed at any time it is necessary for the troops to advance.

In some parts of the rear sections, at the back of the Front, one might think oneself on the plain of Salisbury, at Aldershot, because here are being carried out manœuvres just like in the piping times of peace. With a roar and a rattle, a number of tanks go rushing about, jumping ditches at a speed of approximately 40 m.p.h. Guns are trundled about; columns of marching men fill the roads. Overhead, planes swoop and dive and circle in perfect alignment

THIS BARREL-SHAPED ABRI FOR OFFICERS IS FITTED WITH A GLAZED DOOR

Here *on the left* the domestic touch is very evident. This Peter Pan shelter is for officers—the tenants are in the foreground. Their military batmen look after this little household

HEAVY TIMBERS PROTECT THIS LITTLE OBSERVATION-POST IN THE FRENCH LINE

A TYPICAL ABRI OVERLOOKING THE RHINE VALLEY FRONTIER

The nearer you are to the enemy's lines, the less elaborate are the abris, for stern business is just in front

A FRENCH MACHINE-GUN POSITION IN FRONT OF THE MAGINOT LINE WITH NEARBY SHELTER

That reminds me that the aerial frontier, or battle-ground, in advance of or behind the frontier, has no line of demarcation. Until a few months ago, there were daily actions over the line, but now this, for various reasons, has died out. There are fewer enemy attempts to penetrate "deep into enemy territory" as the German official communiqués used to report. Maybe the Germans are not so keen to use up precious petrol on fruitless errands, or maybe they find the reception growing hotter and hotter from our side of the line.

If any crime reporters from Fleet Street happen to be wandering about certain sections in France they might stop amazed and rub their eyes, because they would behold detectives in uniform. A certain number of famed men from Scotland Yard are in France, and not by any means on pleasure bent.

In a general survey of the back of the Front, it is not possible for me to touch upon the munition dumps and various other material subjects which are necessary for the well-being of an army in the field when one remembers that there are at present two huge armies in France, and the strength of both is growing almost daily. I do not only refer to the numerical strength, but more particularly to the question of supplies. This is a vital question which has been tackled with tremendous vigour.

There are, of course, reports from neutrals of what is happening at the back of the German Front. I am revealing no secret, I think, when I say that at the outbreak of war the Siegfried Line, or the Western Wall, as the Germans prefer to call their main line of defence, was by no means in an advanced state of readiness. All through the early weeks of this war, hundreds of thousands of German soldiers in white drill basics were labouring all through the daylight hours at strengthening the defences. In order to try to make believe that they were going to launch a big offensive in October, the Germans made a deafening din with their motor lorries and left their engines running so that we were supposed to think that a great attack was coming.

One of the things we know about conditions at the back of the German Front is that the famed motor roads which Hitler built have proved to be too narrow for the Army traffic. There are other things which are known, but which I am not allowed to tell. Nevertheless, in conclusion I would like to say one word about the man who is responsible for the building of the Western Wall and also of the designing of one of the houses Hitler built for himself. The architect's name is Professor Todt. The English rendering is: Professor Death.

An omen?

A HOME-FROM-HOME ON THE INNER LINES OF COMMUNICATION

The tenant of this abri evidently has an eye for home comforts. Everything he wants is close at hand. The door is half window, the upper part being glazed

A CAMOUFLAGED FRENCH ABRI COVERED WITH MORNING HOAR FROST

Through the entrance can be detected a suspicious-looking wheel showing that the frost covers more than meets the eye

"J'EMBRACE MAMAN ET PAPA; JE DIS LE BONJOUR A TOUS MES AMIS"

This soldier has been selected to send a radio message to his family. He finds the "*morale* and health of the troops excellent"

THE FOUR-CORNERED BATTLE OVER CIVIL AVIATION

Its Plight Since the Outbreak of War—*Described by* CHARLES G. GREY

(Founder of *The Aeroplane*)

CIVIL aviation may not seem to have much to do with air war, but in fact it has as much to do with it as the Merchant Marine has with naval war, and as railways and motor buses have with land war. In fact, civil aviation has not done so much in connection with the present air war as it might have done, because, unfortunately, aviation in this country has been entirely the affair of the fighting services, and civil aviation has always been a sort of Cinderella.

In Germany, while military (using the word in its true sense and not meaning merely part of the army) aviation was forbidden by the Treaty of Versailles, civil aviation was developed to the utmost. In France, where military aviation was very much in the background, the great "Air France" transport concern developed; and French air transport became a greater international power than the French Air Force. In the United States although the Naval Air Service and the Army Air Corps were quite respectable forces, the great trans-Continental and North-and-South air lines and the Pan-American line which circles South America and crosses the Pacific and Atlantic actually developed air navigation to a far higher pitch than it was developed in the U.S. services.

But in Great Britain civil aviation has always been regarded rather with contempt, or at any rate as rather a nuisance, by the Air Ministry. Certainly Mr. George Woods Humphery, the former managing director of Imperial Airways Ltd., did manage to carry through his ambition of getting mails through to Australia and South Africa without postal surcharge—thanks largely to Sir Kingsley Wood, then our Postmaster-General. And, before he left his job, Woods Humphery managed to put into operation the beginnings of a transatlantic air service.

Also, as the result of a lot of agitation a number of enterprising people managed to establish air lines in and about the British Isles, and others developed British air lines to Scandinavia and across Central Europe to Hungary.

But even so the results were not what they should have been. And there was never enough money available to produce air liners on the scale of those built in Germany and in the United States, until Short Bros. built the Empire flying-boats for Imperial Airways. Consequently, all the air lines in Europe are run by American or German aeroplanes, except the French and Italians who use their own aeroplanes. The air mails of the Union of South Africa run entirely in German machines, and all the Australian air mail runs in American machines, except for the flying-boats of Qantas Empire Airways.

In spite of the discouragement which produced this lamentable state of affairs certain enterprising people in this country did gamble a lot of money in building up independent air lines. Rather naturally, men who had made a success of motor coach transport first took a hand in the game. Mr. Hillman of Romford had the daring to start at cut prices a line competing with the London–Paris route of Imperial Airways. Mr. John Sword of Glasgow developed air lines in the south and west of Scotland, where railway services were bad, and also where he had to compete with boats. And Mr. Thurgood developed the line from London and Southampton to Jersey—and as he was competing with boats he did well.

These initial successes evidently attracted the attention of the big railway companies who were feeling rather sore because the predecessors of the present-day directors had not been clever enough to see what the development of road transport was going to do, with the result that the railways lost an enormous amount of their goods traffic and passenger traffic to the motor bus and motor truck operators.

But the railway companies were determined not to be done down by air transport, so, quite justifiably and subtly, they began muscling in on air transport wherever they got the chance. The Southern Railway acquired a block of shares in Imperial Airways.

Comparatively early in the development of air transport in the British Isles a firm called Railway Air Services Ltd. was started by the Southern Railway operating from London to Belfast by way of Liverpool. It had no aeroplanes or personnel of its own other than a paid management staff. It hired its aeroplanes, and pilots, and navigators, and mechanics, from Imperial Airways Ltd. But the company emphatically denied that there was any financial link between the two concerns other than the fact that the Southern Railway, which already held a block of Imperial Airways shares, paid Imperial Airways for services rendered to Railway Air Services Ltd. The machines boré the name of Railway Air Services Ltd. and the pilots wore the company's uniform, but they still belonged fundamentally to Imperial Airways.

The Southern Railway and the Great Western also acquired a share in Mr. Thurgood's Jersey line which was taking hundreds of passengers off their boats. Then the Southern and the Great Western acquired an interest in a whole lot of West Country lines.

Whitehall Securities, Ltd., the moving spirit of which is Mr. Clive Pearson, who is a director of the Southern Railway, acquired an interest in a number of small operating companies—Spartan Airways and Mr. Hillman's London-Paris line for example. The London, Midland and Scottish acquired an interest in Olley Airways which ran to the Isle of Man, and in Scottish enterprises which ran from Inverness to the Orkneys and the Shetlands, and from Glasgow to the Western Isles.

Consequently during 1939 there were, after a good deal of re-grouping of air lines and aircraft operating companies, altogether about seventeen air transport operating companies, of which seven were definitely inside the railway group, and nine or ten clearly outside it.

The most important of the non-railway group was North-Eastern Airways Ltd., the chief of which is Lord Grimthorpe, who has great properties in Yorkshire. That line ran from London to Doncaster, Edinburgh and Perth, and provided a valuable air link for quick commercial communication all down the east coast.

Another interesting line is Air Express which was run by the Honourable Mrs. Victor Bruce. Her job was running newspapers to Paris. The service was generally known as the "Dawn Express" and the papers were delivered in Paris in time for breakfast.

Practically all the "private" companies mentioned hired their machines to the Army when they were tools, materials, and so forth. Some say that the amount is near enough £1,000,000.

The story published in one paper that by shutting them up the Air Ministry will save about £600,000 a year in subsidies is denied emphatically by the non-railway companies. And the managers of these outsiders, or untouchables as one might call them, are prepared to prove that so far from costing the country money in the way of subsidies they have in fact been giving it very good value for its money.

The internal politics of the whole thing are much too lengthy and complicated to be discussed here, but the net position at the present is that there seems to be a sort of four-cornered war in progress. In one corner the railways are obviously trying to get a stranglehold on all air transport just as they are trying to get a hold on shipping and road transport so as to form an enormous transport monopoly.

In another corner the Department of Civil Aviation is said to be trying to form a sort of National Socialist Air Transport Organisation distinct from railways, roads, and shipping, based perhaps on British Overseas Airways (or the Boa) formed by merging Imperial Airways and British Airways (the Continental group).

THE AIR MINISTRY'S NATIONAL AIR COMMUNICATIONS "POOL" FOR PILOTS

The Operational Headquarters of the Air Ministry's National Air Communications "Pool," which is a land plane and flying-boat station somewhere in the west of England, is fast nearing completion. Two of the main problems of the N.A.C. are well in hand—surface draining is being dealt with by an army of labourers, while others are hard at work day and night erecting hangars for the combined British and Polish fleets of civil air liners. Gradually the "pool" is assuming an air of permanence. Field kitchens have been replaced by a weatherproof mess hut with a twenty four-hour service of excellently cooked meals. There is also a social centre, a canvas marquee converted into a recreation room for N.A.C. pilots. The above picture shows some of the airmen awaiting their turns of duty

not actually flying on their regular route to be used as targets for the searchlights and the gun aimers in anti-aircraft batteries—aiming only, not firing. This was called army co-operation.

As soon as war was declared all civil flying in the country was prohibited. An Air Ministry organisation called National Air Communications was set up by the Department of Civil Aviation, all air transport machines were commandeered and thenceforward were operated by their own personnel under the direction of N.A.C. On the whole, the arrangement worked well considering that it was run by people who were new to the actual operation of air transport. Imperial Airways were allowed to run their flying-boat services to the Cape and to Singapore, but several of their flying-boats were commandeered for the Air Force. All their big land machines were commandeered and used for troop transport, or rather the transport of the specialists to France before the British Expeditionary Force was sent over. The regular internal air lines of the railway group were run after a fashion. The newspaper work of the non-railway companies was stopped. Their machines were called upon to do odd jobs but were never worked to anything like the capacity to which they might have been used.

On February 23, the present non-railway companies were surprised to receive an intimation from the Air Ministry that they must be prepared to pack up their belongings and shut up shop. And naturally there is a good deal of agitation going on about it. They represent a good many hundreds of thousands of pounds in actual capital laid out in aeroplanes, workshops, That in fact might not be at all a bad idea, because keen competition between air transport and surface transport would be good for the community.

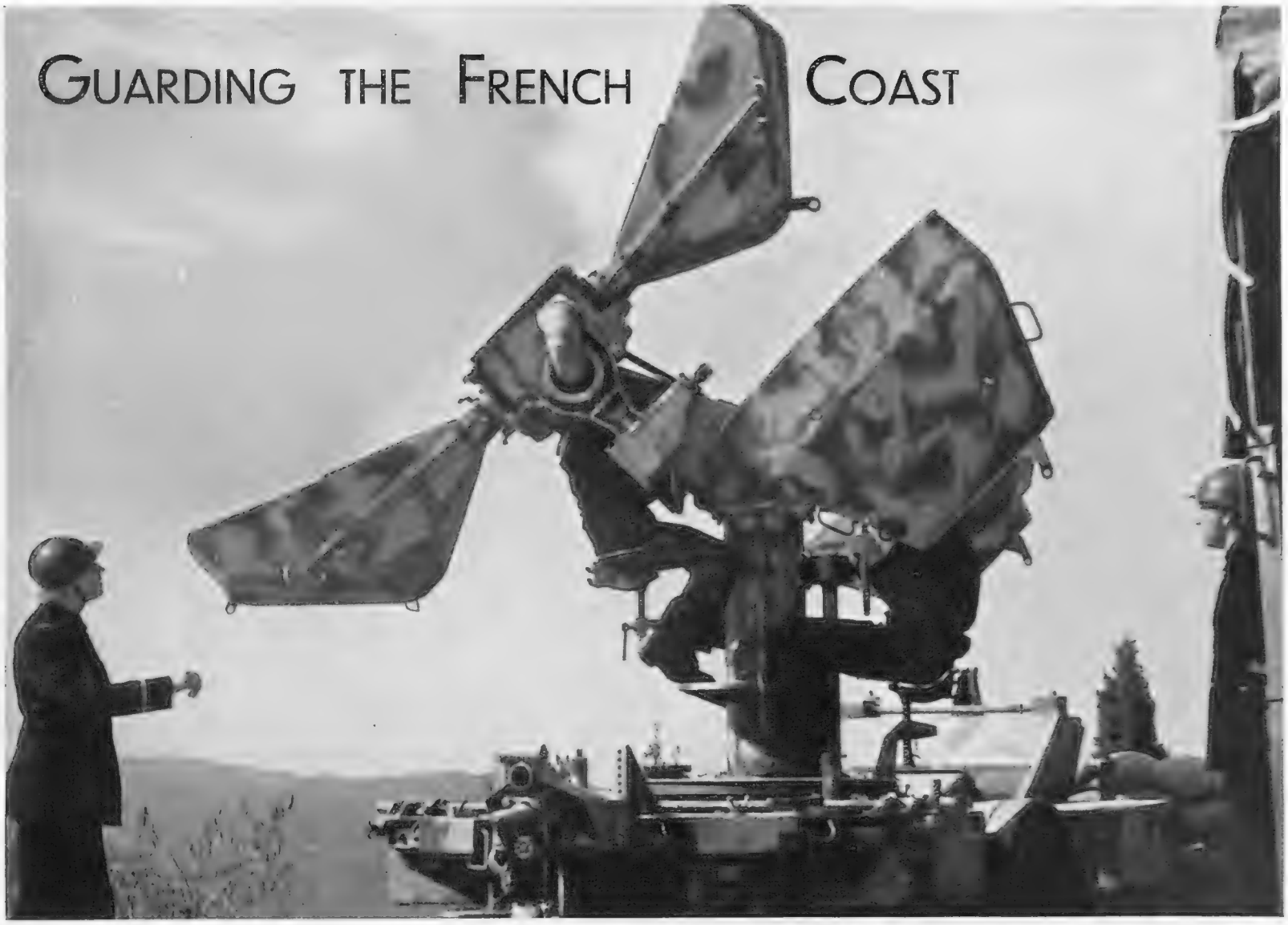
A third corner of the war seems to be a desire on the part of certain people in the Royal Air Force itself to grab the whole business of air transport and turn it into a subsidiary of the military side of the R.A.F., so that it could be used for R.A.F. communications when desired—apparently with a proviso that if the R.A.F. do not happen to want the transport machines the public may be allowed to use them as a special privilege.

The fourth corner, which seems to be very much in a corner at the moment, is occupied by the unfortunate proprietors of the aircraft-operating concerns, who are quite willing to do anything they can to help the nation in this time of stress, but claim the right of free and independent British civilians to run their own businesses as they best know how

Granted that the tendency of the day is towards Rationalisation, or Nationalisation, or Socialisation, and that all the little grocers' shops, and tailors' shops, and boot shops, and so forth in the little country towns are all being driven out of business by chain stores, the fact still remains that the British Empire was built up by private enterprise.

One cannot help having an amount of sympathy for people who have spent a great deal of money and taken ever so many personal and financial risks in building up operating concerns which have done quite a lot of good to the business of this country, and have helped the R.A.F. a good deal also. But at all costs British air transport must be developed.

GUARDING THE FRENCH COAST



THE FRENCH LISTENING EARS are different to ours. They look more like a pair of wings or bellows. Two men operate the instrument, which is placed on a movable turn-table mechanism of some complexity

THE FRENCH COASTAL DEFENCE SYSTEM is a branch of the French Navy. The officers are regular officers, but the personnel differs completely from that of the crew of a warship. Here is a coastal guard proceeding along a barbed-wire pathway in the dune country. A constant watch is kept on all exposed sea coasts

WHOLE BATTERIES OF BIG NAVAL GUNS are to be seen on the French coast. The hollows of the dunes are full of very big weapons, which would play havoc with a possible landing expedition. *On right*—THIS COASTAL DIRECTION POST is fitted with a big range-finder which is fitted on to a turn-table which is, in its turn, fitted to an octagonal concrete base

The HALIBUT FISHERS of the NORTH SEA

Described by ELDON MOORE

Trawling and drift-net fishing are fairly familiar. But little is generally known about the deep-sea line fishing which brings in the oddest, most elusive, and most valuable fish in the ocean—the halibut. Little is known because the dangers and hardships are such that owners and fishermen do not usually care to risk the presence aboard of a landsman. Mr. Moore's photographs are unique.

I TOOK these pictures during the twenty-five days I spent on the *s.s. General Botha* of Aberdeen, the chief halibut port of the British Isles. She and her voyage are typical of the "liners." Though only about a quarter the size of a Channel steamer, being 91 tons registered tonnage (249 tons fully loaded), she can face the gales of the North Atlantic, the Arctic Circle, and the Pentland Firth—most dreaded stretch of water round the British Isles. Such seaworthiness is only obtained by the sacrifice of comfort. These boats are excessively buoyant, and they ride the waves like malicious corks.

When the *General Botha* sailed she carried 100 tons of coal and 30 tons of ice to keep the fish fresh in the "mortuary." At Lerwick in the Shetlands we took on a half-ton of herring for bait. We were a ship's company of eleven, not counting myself, who slept in the chart room. The youngest man aboard was the master, George W. Leiper, aged twenty-four and with eight years' experience of fishing. Next came the mate, John Webster, forty years older, and then four other fishermen.

The owners supply only the boat, and appoint the master. He then chooses his mate and the four other fishermen, and the six go into an equal partnership to supply everything else. Each man has aboard about £70 worth of tackle and gear. They also supply the coal, the ice, and all other ship's stores; and they employ, on definite wages, two engineers, two firemen and a cook.

When the voyage is over, and the catch has been sold in Aberdeen fish market, these wages are the first charge on the proceeds; next come all the other bills. What is left is then divided equally between owners and fishermen and the latter divide their half equally among themselves.

A lot depends on the master's judgment in choosing fishing grounds and timing the trip. On this particular trip he ran things fine, in order to get in two more days of fishing—with the result that the ship had to be driven all out on the homeward run, even through a gale and mountainous seas that flung her about like driftwood. The hurry was due to the risk of the ice giving out, and the whole catch spoiling. On one calm day, every possible device was used to shade the deck above from the hot sun, and it was kept drenched with sea-water from the hoses.

The skipper's luck and judgment held, however, and he brought the fish back in good condition for an excellent market. The thirty-five tons of fish realised nearly £800—almost a record to-day. Such a price would not have been possible if the catch had not included a high proportion of the two most valuable fish on the market, big halibut and big skate. The halibut is especially valuable to the fishermen. It not only fetches far the highest price, but it also has a liver which is sold separately, and from which is extracted the most precious of all our oils. Halibut liver oil, owing to its high health value and comparative scarcity, costs the consumer about £60 a gallon.

One of the remarkable things about the halibut is that it almost never comes up in the trawl, which nets all other fish, while it is singularly elusive, only to be found in certain distant waters—and not always then.

So before she could start fishing, the *General Botha* had a four days' run of nearly 1,000 miles—north from Aberdeen past the Orkneys and Shetlands, and then north-west past the Faroes, and to the west coast of Iceland, on the fringe of the Arctic Circle. Sometimes the halibut boats go as far as Greenland.

"Stand by—Geni!" A big halibut first appears below the surface. The pull on the line has been slackened and one of the 9-ft. "clips" is being thrust down (top right) to gaff him. He looks smaller than he is owing to the way he is turned and to the distorting effect of the water, which also causes the bubble-ripple effect. Many shots had to be taken before the camera could be got to see below the surface like this

The deep and icy waters off these two great islands are among the few places where halibut grow large enough to be worth the catching and have livers well enough stocked with vitamins to yield oil of value to ourselves.

When a few miles off Reykjavik, the skipper set the echo-sounder going, and "felt" his way to a particular spot over 100 fathoms deep, known to be good for halibut. Then, at 3.30 a.m.—broad daylight in that sea of the Midnight Sun—the task of "shooting the lines" began.

First overboard went a flagged buoy, with four football-like bladders attached. These show the set of the tides, and to the last of them is fastened a cable amply long enough to reach to the bottom. At the end was a small anchor, to which was fastened the first of the lines. A line is made of the finest hemp, $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick, and $\frac{3}{8}$ of a mile long. Every 21 ft. an 8-ft. "snood" of lighter line is attached, and that carries a still lighter loop of cotton line whipped on to the hook.

As the anchor went overboard four fishermen gathered round the basket of line, plucking the hooks out of the cork rim and baiting each with half a herring. This is a risky job, since the boat is steaming slowly ahead and the pull on the main line as it is paid out is terrific. So a hook badly cast or out of turn may take a man, or a piece of him, with it. A fifth man, therefore, superintends the strict routine, standing braced between bulwarks and bitts, ready to snatch a hook or take the strain off a man who has been caught by it.

As one line comes to an end another is joined on, until, in about three hours, 9 miles of the ocean bed has been thus covered. Then follow a short rest and breakfast, and hauling starts at about 8 a.m. A small steam winch is used—one that will not grip the line unless a man hauls the other side. It just speeds up the hauling as the boat steams slowly back along its course.

This lasts for a fortnight or more; and the work is done in the wind off the Arctic ice or the gales and blizzards of the North Atlantic. It is done on an open, wave-swept deck that rolls, pitches, and corkscrews with incredible quickness and violence, and that is more slippery than ice. The cause is a sort of green slime which floats on the surface of those seas, and which is really a mass of minute animals (plankton) and plants

Master, mate, and fireman of the General Botha. *George W. Leiper, the master, aged twenty-four, is the youngest man aboard and the youngest skipper of any of the Aberdeen "liners." John Webster, mate, is sixty-four, with a life-long contact with the sea. The fireman is Harry Finlay, caught in an unguarded moment*

"Got him!" Another "Geni" just landed and killed, but he fought wildly. With him is the tusk, a yellowish fish rather like a big ling, which took the hook first and was then forced up the "snood" (short line) by the rush of the "Geni," who tried to take them both

Fighting hard, a biggish halibut is brought on deck by two men. Though the camera's shutter speed was 1/100th sec. his tail (see the blur) moved faster

(algae). From the sea and the Northern sunlight these synthesise the vitamins A and D. They are then eaten by tiny fish, those by larger fish, those by larger still—and so on. At about the eighth remove a huge halibut swallows a 3-ft. cod or other fish, and thus amasses the vitamin collections of all his precursors. Hence his immense vitality and the high health value of the oil extracted from his liver.

Only a big halibut, and therefore an old one, can thus swallow other collectors of vitamins; and the oil from one less than twenty years old is of little value.

Most of the other fish—cod, ling and such like—are practically dead when they reach the surface, killed by the strain of decompression when hauled up rapidly from the great depths. But the halibut, though heavy and inert on the line, fights for his life when he comes to the surface.

The excited cry "Geni!" announces the sight of one below the surface. Every man leaps to the side, snatching up one of the 9-ft. "clips" (gaffs). Four or more men are often needed to get one of these giant flat-fish aboard. Then he is stunned and killed as he flaps thunderously on the deck.

From 4 ft. to 6 ft. long is a common size for a geni, which may be 3 ft. to 5 ft. wide, and 1 ft. thick. But even greater giants come up on the slender snood. The halibut are not the last links in the chain of "eat and be eaten." Besides ourselves, who take the oil and eat the flesh, there is that plague of fishermen—sharks. Another boat caught one 30 ft. long, hauled it aboard with the derrick, and slit it open. Out fell four geni, two half digested, and two still living. The crew ate those two!

. . . I may mention that my shipmates, if they are not actually serving in minesweepers, are now facing the added perils of Nazi mines and aeroplanes, in order to bring us our fish. "It's not fish we're buying; it's men's lives."

"Come aboard!" George Wood (facing camera) and Alec Guyan bring a moderate-sized halibut aboard. The figure in the background, at the winch, is that of the mate, John Webster

Saved! A picture taken during the shooting of the lines. Alec Guyan (extreme right) has just snatched and thrown out a hook that might have taken the mate (back to camera), or a piece of him, overboard

The first friend for three weeks. Halibut fishing out in the grey wastes of the Arctic Circle is a lonely job. The General Botha *did not possess a radio transmitter, only a receiver! Here a radio message is going across to the* Chassiron *(a little larger than the* General Botha*) in a cigarette tin on the rope in the foreground*

One feeble flap is all a big skate gives when it comes to the surface, although—owing to its kite-like shape—it is heavy on the line under water. In the background is part of the scrounger convoy of gulls and "mollies" who accompany the boats continually during the fishing

LIFE IN AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY PRIVATE SCHOOL

Newcome's—the Distinguished Academy at Hackney

A VIEW OF HACKNEY SCHOOL, KNOWN AS "NEWCOME'S," AT WHICH CREEVEY WAS A SCHOLAR

This view is taken from an engraving by R. Reeve and now hanging in the Public Library at Hackney, by the courtesy of whose Librarian it is here reproduced. It shows the building as it was before its demolition early in the nineteenth century

IN the course of my researches into the early years of Thomas Creevey, I became inquisitive to learn something more than Sir Herbert Maxwell had disclosed thirty years before of the name and nature of his private school at Hackney. All that Sir Herbert told us was that Creevey received instruction at a private school in Hackney—"'Old School Lane,' he calls it"—and thence proceeded to Cambridge. (In point of fact, as we now know, "School Lane" was Creevey's birthplace in Liverpool, and not, as Sir Herbert guessed, at Hackney.)

I came upon the name of "Newcome's" by a happy chance when looking up in *D.N.B.* the career of Charles Callis Western (Lord Western of Rivenhall), who was an early friend and valuable patron of Creevey at a vital point in his career. I found that Western was educated at Newcome's School, Hackney, and I jumped to the conclusion (which proved to be correct) that they had been fellow pupils at Newcome's.

When *Creevey's Life and Times* was already set up in print I chanced on other and more illuminating references to Newcome's School (in Lane Poole's *Life of Stratford Canning* and elsewhere).

As far back as the reign of Richard I, the family of Newcome or Newcomen was established in Lincolnshire. A member of it, Stephen, became Rector of Caldecot, Hunts, in 1617, and founded a family which presented to the Church (often by exercising the family right to presentation) ten generations of beneficed clergymen in direct succession, producing no fewer than forty priests, including an archbishop and lesser dignitaries, between 1617 and 1850. Cambridge was their Alma Mater, and Queens' the college of their choice. Henry (son of Peter Newcome, Vicar of Hackney) about 1710 founded what was at first called Hackney School. His son, another Henry, took over the school about 1758 at which date it began to be called Newcome's. Henry the second turned Newcome's into an extremely fashionable seminary for the sons of noblemen and gentlemen of (for the most part) Whig persuasion—one of the earlier Newcomes had been tutor to Charles Fox—and brought the numbers of the school up to eighty or ninety.

Henry the second yielded to his son Richard, who assumed charge about 1785, and under whose misdirection the school soon began to lose efficiency and reputation. He carried on until 1800, when he sold out to Dr. Heathcote, after whose reign the old school house and grounds were acquired by the London Orphan Society.

Hackney seems to have been regarded as peculiarly suitable for private schools. In 1770, the Rev. James Pickthorne was running a school at Hackney, and in it Samuel Rogers and William Maltby received some education and became friends. It may be that the establishment of Pickthorne's school led to the substitution of the name of "Newcome's" for the earlier name of Hackney School. Pickthorne's appears to have retained longest the name of Hackney School.

From the unpublished manuscript of autobiographical notes written down by Charles Bosanquet (1769-1850) we get a picture of this curiously mixed, fashionable, semi-barbarous seminary for the sons of noblemen and gentlemen.

Bosanquet was sent to Newcome's by his mother in 1776 when only seven years old. "Except for Jack Pelham" he was much the youngest boy in the school. He remained there until 1785 when at the age of sixteen he was sent abroad to be finished. About the time of his leaving a change in the headmastership took place, Richard Newcome succeeding his father, of whom Bosanquet says:

> "Newcome in my day was no scholar and a bad schoolmaster, gouty and violent,"

though he admits that the school had attained in Newcome Senior's day a high character.

> "His son Richard," he goes on, "less capable than himself to conduct a school, it passed out of their hands and in a few years came to an end, and the house was pulled down."

Nevertheless, Richard Newcome was still in charge of it in the year 1793 when Stratford Canning was, at the tender age of six, confided to his charge by Mrs. Canning. Writing his impressions of the place years afterwards, Lord Stratford says:

> "How the Muses ever came to settle at Hackney under the auspices of Mr. Richard Newcome I find it difficult to conceive. That somewhat priggish potentate had been preceded in the tuition of seventy or eighty boys by his father whose ability and conduct had given reputation to the school."

Henry Newcome had clearly been a character. When one of his boys, summoned for chastisement, threatened to kill himself, Newcome rang the bell for a carving knife and placed it in the boy's hand.

The school was housed in a large antiquated brick building with gable ends and latticed windows, having the air of a respectable old manor house. Richard Newcome and his family lived in a bright new house near by, while a resident usher (in Canning's day "one of the Coleridges") maintained order in the school-house. There was no lack of playground and ample time for recreation. There were the inevitable great trees for climbing and for "nests," garden walls which invited midnight evasion, and a pastrycook's shop which cried out for the treatment which it frequently received. In summer the boys were taken down to bathe in the River Lea, an excursion dreaded by the smaller boys for the reason adduced by "girt Jan Ridd" in his recollections of Blundell's.

The curriculum, if haphazard and scrappy, was rooted in high tradition. The three R's were subordinated to classic drama. Annual recitations and the enactment of a play by the elder boys every third year were regarded as incentives to study and doubtless were eyewash for parents and guardians. The acting obviously was a feature of the school. Bosanquet and Canning speak highly of Shakespeare productions. Military victories and political events of importance were exploited in the cause of education and celebrated with whole holidays. Creevey records that Newcome set him to learn by heart from the press report Erskine's speech in defence of Dean Shipley in the famous libel action.

But the rudiments of instruction were hard to come by—Creevey certainly was turned empty away—and

> "awfully rough the manners of the boys themselves. The smaller ones were neither more nor less than slaves. Children of tender age were often sent on a cold November evening to pilfer turnips from a neighbouring field and many were the logs of firewood or kettles of boiling water I had to carry up the dark and winding staircase. Compared with one of us Caliban was a sybarite and our Prosperos ever ready with hand or stick. . . .
>
> "The Sabbath, though free from lessons, was a dismal day. The formal walk to church in a line of two abreast, headed by the master and closed by his usher; the droning organ, the long-drawn spiritless sermon. . . ."

Perhaps the reality was not quite so black as Lord Stratford paints it. What man could ever resist exaggerating the rigours of his schooldays for the benefit of a "rising generation of young sybarites"? But it was bad enough. The classic tradition distracted the eye from much that was rotten and of ill repute.

> "The habit of swearing," says Bosanquet, "was so inveterate that I never got rid of it. It was a most profligate, abominable school. I was kept there seven [? nine] years, learned very little, and was most unhappy."

But the school's reputation clearly died slowly, and Richard Newcome had an eye for business.

> "A large entablature of painted wood bore a list of distinguished names in gold letters on a blue ground and served at once to decorate the schoolroom and to stir a generous emulation in youthful breasts."

I fancy it served a third purpose when prospective parents visited the school. For the first name on that roll of honour was that of the Prime Minister, the Duke of Portland. Thanks to the industry of Charles Bosanquet, we have a list of many of those illustrious alumni.

He says:

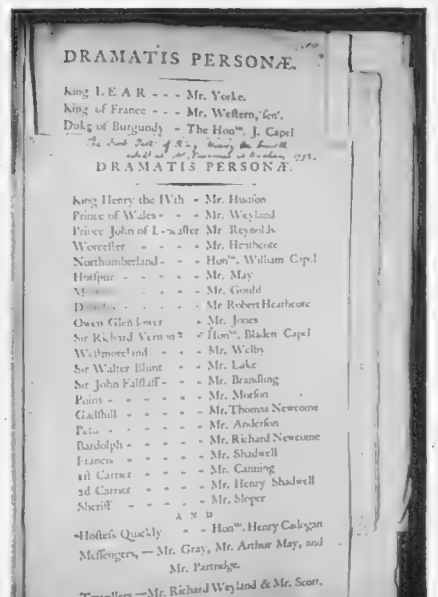
> "The school was patronised by many families of distinction. During my time there 2 of the Duke of Grafton's sons, Fitzroys, Lord Charles and Lord Henry, a Southampton Fitzroy, two Pelhams, one of Lord Chichester's sons; two Rushouts, the eldest now Lord Northwick, Frank Burton, twin brother of the Marquis Cunningham [Conyngham], 2 Bridgemans (Lord Bradford), Dick Trench, Lord Clancarty, in the same room in which I slept, and Sir Thos. Cave; several of the principal Kentish families, Brockmans, Austens, Polhills. Sir John Fagg[e]; Bragge Bathurst, Sir Gilbert Heathcote & his 2 brothers & John Heathcote, Lord Western [Charles Callis] and his brother, the Shirleys. Creevey was a Newcomite and married Charles Brandling's widowed sister. Skeffington was barely my contemporary. 3 Yorkes, sons of Bishop of Ely, Joseph, James and Philip, my crony, Lord Hardwicke's nephews. . ."

Few of the boys passed on from Newcome's to (Eton at any rate among) public schools. Some did; Canning and Western, and doubtless several more. But Newcome's appears to have been a cross between a public and private school, taking boys of six and seven and keeping those who could survive its rigours until sixteen.

I have seen the account rendered for tuition and boarding fees for a young Master Grey (a relative of Mrs. Creevey's) for the period midsummer to Christmas 1792. It amounted to £27 2s. 9d.

So much for Creevey's "private-public" school.

J. G.

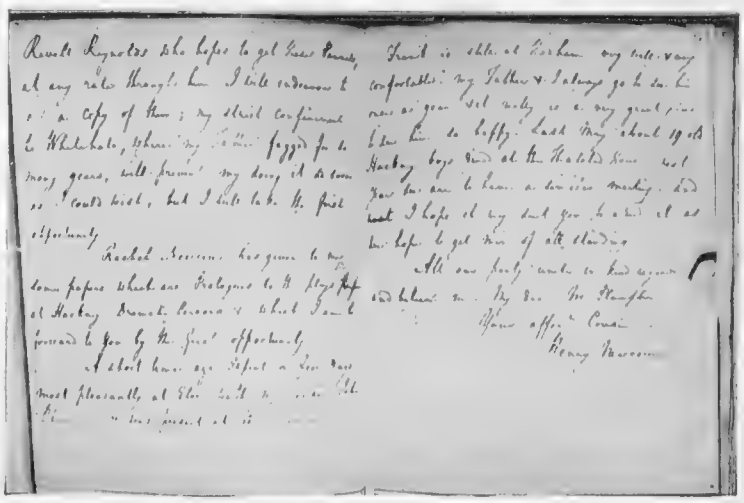


DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King LEAR - - - Mr. Yorke.
King of France - - - Mr. Western, [illegible].
Duke of Burgundy - The Hon^ble. J. Capel
[illegible]
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.
King Henry the IVth - Mr. Huston
Prince of Wales - - - Mr. Weyland
Prince John of L[illegible]after Mr. Reynolds
Worcester - - - - Mr. Heathcote
Northumberland - - - Hon^ble. William Capel
Hotspur - - - - - Mr. May
M[illegible] - - - - Mr. Gould
D[illegible] - - - - Mr Robert Heathcote
Owen Glendower - Mr. Jones
Sir Richard Vernon - Hon^ble. Bladen Capel
Westmoreland - - - Mr. Welby
Sir Walter Blunt - - Mr. Lake
Sir John Falstaff - - - Mr. Brandling
Poins - - - - - - Mr. Morton
Gadshill - - - - - Mr. Thomas Newcome
Peto - - - - - - Mr. Anderson
Bardolph - - - - - Mr. Richard Newcome
Francis - - - - - Mr. Shadwell
1st Carrier - - - - Mr. Canning
2d Carrier - - - - Mr. Henry Shadwell
Sheriff - - - - - Mr. Sleper
AND
Hostess Quickly - - Hon^ble. Henry Cadogan
Messengers, — Mr. Gray, Mr. Arthur May, and Mr. Partridge.
Travellers,—Mr. Richard Weyland & Mr. Scott.
Lords, Soldiers, and Attendants.

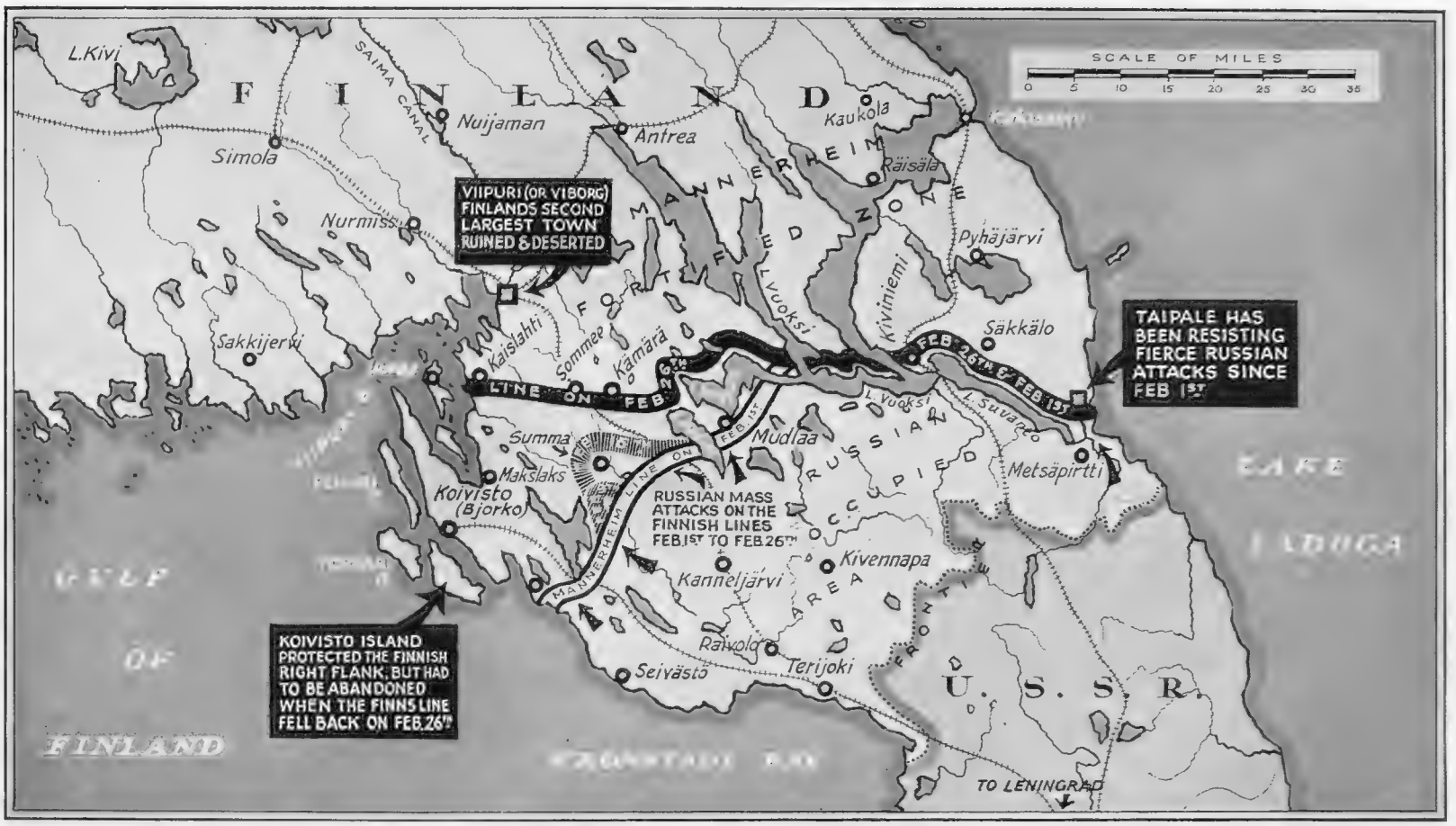
"NEWCOME'S" WAS FAMOUS FOR THE PLAYS ACTED BY ITS SCHOLARS

This *dramatis personæ* also hanging in Hackney Public Library, shows a number of distinguished names. The play was the First Part of Shakespeare's *Henry IV*: the Hon. Henry Cadogan was Mistress Quickly and Mr. Canning acted as first carrier



A LETTER FROM HENRY NEWCOME TO THE REV. JAMES PLUMTREE (1770–1832)

Mr. Plumtree, a former pupil at Newcome's, gathered together a mass of papers relating to the plays which the boys of Newcome's enacted. They are in the possession of the Public Library of Hackney but the projected volume was never published



THE BATTLE FOR VIBORG — A Month of Russian Attack

The struggle of the Soviet High Command to make some indentation in the defences of Finland began with intensive force on February 1. Day after day masses of Russian troops were hurled against the front positions of the Mannerheim Line, until at last, under murderous artillery fire, a small salient was found on February 9 and a bigger one on February 15, both towards the western or Gulf of Finland end of the line. Following the advances came a general retirement to new defensive positions, resting on Kaislahti, Sommee and Kamara. These positions were completely occupied on February 26. At the Taipale end no concessions had been made to the enemy's wild expenditure of men and munitions. Scores of tanks were either captured or destroyed all along the line.

The WAR in NORTHERN EUROPE

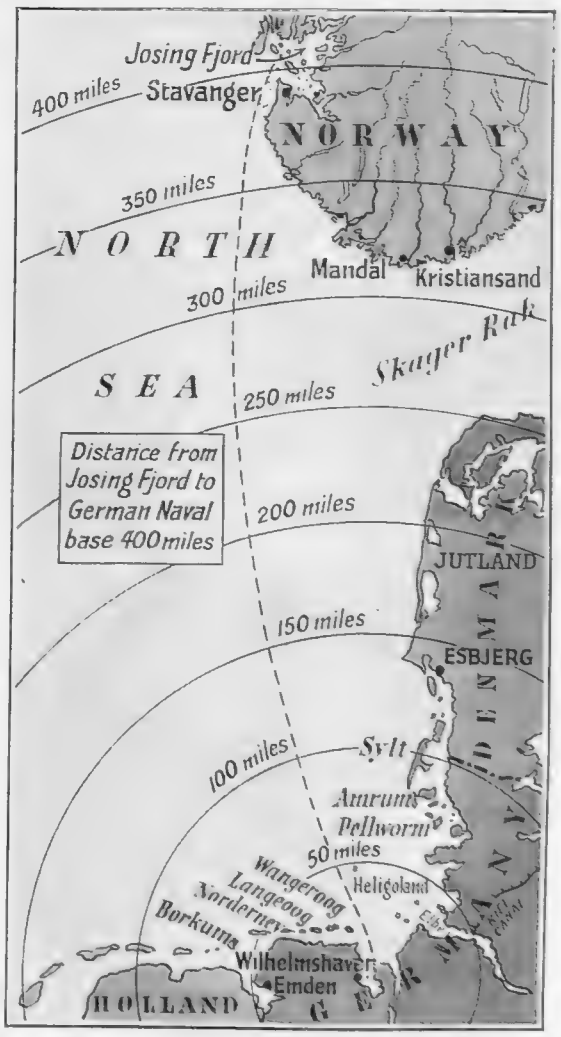
The Campaign in Finland; and the Naval Struggle in Norwegian Waters

THE NORWEGIAN "TERRITORIAL WATERS"

THE vexed question of the Norwegian territorial waters is fundamentally a geological or geographical one. Nature has provided a convenient passage for vessels between the mainland and a long string of islands. Vessels wishing to avoid the rough weather outside can enjoy the process of "headland hopping"—iron ore steamers use this passage as a winter route. It is here that German ships attempting to slip back to Germany strike Europe's coast-line and, as Mr. Churchill said, wriggle their way down the 800 miles of "neutral" water. The northern and southern portions of the route are shown in the two upright maps; the smaller map at their head shows the entrance to the protected route and also the district of Petsamo and Murmansk, where the presence of British naval vessels has been reported.

The need for a naval watch in this quarter has certainly become more desirable during recent weeks, when assistance between German and Russian forces has become an increasingly possible development.

The map on the right illustrates another nice question: What would or will the *Altmark* do if she attempts to proceed southwards to German waters? Outside the island-protected channel lie the open waters of the North Sea. A slip through the Sound into the Baltic would be a very desirable way out, but unfortunately nature has again intervened and ice blocks the way. The waters off the Danish coast are shoal, but a passage might be made in misty weather. Would a German naval guard sail out to see her in? Here again some of Mr. Churchill's "appropriately-placed" vessels might intervene.



WHEN THE NORWEGIAN TERRITORIAL WATERS ARE LEFT BEHIND

There is a considerable stretch of open water to be negotiated before the vessels attempting to reach German waters can find safety behind the enemy's naval bases

THE GLYNDEBOURNE VERSION OF GAY'S FAMOUS OPERA COMES TO THE HAYMARKET

Michael Redgrave takes the part of Macheath, the dashing highwayman, who visits the notorious inn kept by Peachum, father of the innocent Polly, who falls in love with Macheath

LUCY LOCKIT, DAUGHTER OF THE VILLAINOUS JAILER, FACES POLLY, THE RICH WIFE OF MACHEATH

Lucy is played by Linda Grey and Polly by Audrey Mildmay, in the new version at the Haymarket. Originally produced in 1728, the opera was successfully revived at Hammersmith in 1920

OPERA and REVUE

The "Barber of Seville" at Sadler's Wells and a New Edition of "Black Velvet" at the Hippodrome

ROSSINI'S masterpiece, *The Barber of Seville*, has, I think, been given at Sadler's Wells already, but last week saw an entirely new decor, and a good one, by Mr. Powell Lloyd, who also plays the small part of Fiorello. The performance was very jolly. Professor Dent makes the best of a bad job with his translation and even manages to put a neat twist into the sung "asides" of that bumptious ass, Figaro himself, a part which Mr. Redvers Llewellyn sang superbly, though he was inclined to overact. The only really funny man was Mr. Ronald Stear (good singer, too) and he was helped by the fact that Don Basilio—I saw Chaliapine as Basilio at Covent Garden—is a fine, juicy part.

The singing was admirable, notably that of Miss Noel Eadie, Mr. Tudor Davies, Mr. Arnold Matters and Miss Edith Coates. It brought back memories to see again the name "Herbert Tree" on a programme. This Mr. Tree played the trying part of the notary.

It was difficult throughout the performance of this work not to be reminded frequently of Gilbert and Sullivan—the bustling patter-songs, Marcellina (who surely came to life again years later as Katisha, Dame Carruthers and other Gilbert and Sullivan dames) and, above all, Don Basilio, who has a little bit of the Grand Inquisitor and a great deal of Poo-Bah. Perhaps Sullivan owed something to Rossini, though the resemblance is in the style of the book rather than in the music.

"Black Velvet."—Like most successful revues, *Black Velvet* at the London Hippodrome has just launched a second edition. It was always a good show and is now in many respects not only a different but a far better one. Among the minor alterations and repairs I would single out that early Victorian dinner-party scene, which now ends on a note of charming sentiment instead of on a very stale joke (and a rather nasty one). The original Ministry of Information sketch has been completely re-written, and is now very much funnier.

Miss Pat Kirkwood has returned to the cast. This young lady is full of pep and vitality, and a good looker. Miss Roma Beaumont is a lovely and graceful creature, with a sly sense of fun. Miss Wendy Toye, who has arranged the dances, is herself a very fine dancer indeed, and so is a clever newcomer, Miss Frances Marsden.

As for the fun, Mr. Vic Oliver, the ideal revue comedian, can be relied upon to look after that; he is in better form than ever.

P. Page

SKATING CHAMPIONS AT EARL'S COURT

Miss Cecilia Colledge and Miss Daphne Walker, the famous skaters, seen with ballet girls on skates rehearsing for the charity show, *Wings Over the Ice*, which was given on Wednesday of last week

"HE WAS ADORABLE"

Quartermaster sergeant Barney Bullard helping Miss Phyllis Robins with her song of that name on the occasion of a special performance of *Shepherd's Pie* to 1,500 guardsmen at the Princes Theatre

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES and the ARMED FORCES

As far as is known at present, no less than 2,196 Barnardo Old Boys have answered the call of King and Country. They are distributed in the various forces, even in the South African and Canadian Navies and in the Mercantile Marine, thus helping to guard the 8,250 little boys and girls which the homes constantly maintain. Of the three Barnardo Old Boys stationed on H.M.S. *Royal Oak*, two were drowned and one was saved when she was torpedoed. When H.M.S. *Exeter* went into action against the German pocket battleship *Graf Spee*, she also had on board a former inmate of the Homes. The war is adding greatly to the anxieties of this important National Service. Cash gifts would be greatly acceptable. Cheques should be sent crossed to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Barnardo House, 20, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

FEEDING TIME FOR THE VERY YOUNG

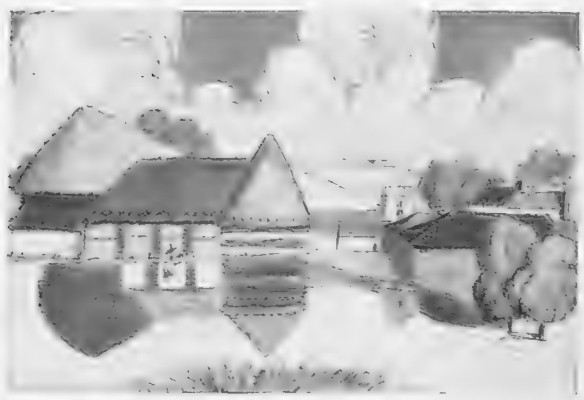
There are over 1,500 babies in Dr. Barnardo's Homes, all tended by nurses expert in baby-craft. It is not difficult to imagine what anxieties the war has brought upon the custodians of these helpless children

It is the custom of the English . . . .

It is the custom of the English when there is serious trouble to be faced, to lift their voices in loud and rollicking song. They will command all within earshot to smile, to pack up their troubles, to give up worrying. Remark this well, for it does not happen by chance or the song-writer's skill—it is part of the English strength to deny all foreboding when the hour is grave. Let your smile shine out then, undimmed by worries that are not yours alone. And if the waiting be hard, seek fortitude and clear, calm thought over a Worthington—the golden brew that has nurtured generations of the yeomen of England.

FIRST PRIZE WINNER
£5 . 0 . 0

By far the nearest approach to correctness came from Miss E. Livermore, of Reigate, Surrey. She placed church, farm-buildings and pond shadows in their proper positions. A wall and shadow on right have been omitted altogether



SECOND PRIZE WINNER
£3 . 0 . 0

The second prize has been awarded to Miss M. Baddeley, of Chichester Road, Croydon. She has one of the main ideas correctly worked out, the pond and its reflections, but was not so successful in placing the church which has got away from its churchyard wall

THIRD PRIZE WINNER
£2 . 0 . 0

Miss E. M. Chard, the third prize winner, has the idea of the pond in the foreground and the main disposition of masses to right and left with the church more or less in the centre

THE SPHERE'S PICTORIAL COMPETITION

Readers of "The Sphere" Christmas Number for 1939 showed skill in grappling with the problem set in the annual Pictorial Competition. The three prizewinners have all grasped the main essential features of the view—the church on the hill-top and the pond with its reflections in the foreground. Other competitors made some very ingenious and in some cases very artistically arranged compositions, but they were all definitely incorrect in their treatments of the foreground. The churchyard wall was given as a clue regarding the position of the church. It is gratifying to note that in spite of postal difficulties replies came from France and other parts of the Continent, and such wide apart areas as the U.S.A. and Ceylon.

THE ACTUAL VIEW FROM WHICH THE COMPETITION WAS SET

This church set high on a hill-top with a pond in the foreground is in Berkshire; a roadway leads up to the church, past groups of buildings to right and left

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

SEVEN NOVELS FOR THE WEEK

A Varied Collection for the Bookshelf

"A story has no *locus* except the air,
So many nice people are used to declare.
Characters must live in a vacuum.
Avoid the world, especially the scum.
It's wicked to mention to the spectator
Words such as war, democracy, dictator . . ."

SO writes Mr. George Buchanan in an introductory note to **THE SOLDIER AND THE GIRL** (Heinemann. 8s. 3d.), and with that concession proceeds to people his vacuum and to treat, if not of specific dictators and democracies, at least of the threats which they make to the civilisation we know. His theme is of the conflict between the soldier and the artist that is in every man, and to illustrate it he has taken a soldier type, direct, forceful, not unintelligent but quite uncompromising, and an artist type, introspective, uncertain but creative. Between them, as it were, he has put a girl of lively but not extraordinary charm, and has made her the spokesman of his choice.

In the past month I have read many entertaining, many skilful and one or two brilliant books. I have read several novels that were better than this. But this writing and these ideas are exciting and they exercise the mind. In time Mr. Buchanan may come to write excellent novels, but in the meantime I shall be quite satisfied if he continues to write like this. The soldier is talking to the artist.

"I believe the age demands a different type of man: no more introverts for example. That's where you chaps go off the mark . . ." And the artist answers him: "It's a mistake to regard reflectiveness as a life-extinguishing force. On the contrary, it has been said, reflectiveness preserves life by helping us to adjust ourselves to new situations. You're fixed in a hard shell. If an entirely new situation occurred to-morrow you'd probably crack. For you, this present situation of war or near-war has to go on indefinitely. (They are in 1938.) You're a master of monotony. But supposing someone should give us, instead, some blossoming, varied, happy life, you'd be lost! As to art—you might as well abolish women as abolish art!"

OUR TIME IS GONE (Bodley Head. 10s. 6d.) is the third volume of Mr. James Hanley's trilogy of the Fury family. The two previous books followed their fortunes, or more exactly their misfortunes, in a north country port, up to the war of 1914. This volume shows the final disintegration of the Furys as a family during that war.

Mrs. Fury's ruling passion had always been to have a home for her husband and her children and to achieve this she had worked and endured all her married life. Now her hopes die finally, one by one. Her youngest son, whom she had hoped to see ordained, is imprisoned for life as a murderer. Her husband and another son are continually at sea, her daughter has left her husband for a sordid life with a petty pornographer, and her remaining son is an army officer and as far from her as if he were in another existence.

Bereft of her home and her family, Mrs. Fury falls ill herself, but still, proud and staunch, accepts no charity and is not utterly broken even by the news of her husband's death at sea.

It is a grim book, and a little bewildering as well. So many quarrels, so much pain, so many scenes of anger and despair and ugliness. But it has a kind of compulsion about it and, once started, it is not lightly discarded.

I tried obediently to find a likeness between Mr. Alec Brown's new novel and the story of *Anna Karenina* but, despite the publishers' protestations, the only likeness I could find was in the fact that both are the stories of supremely egotistical women. Their environment, their natures, and the way in which they order their lives are in all other respects as different as blinis from pancakes.

The heroine of **THE HOLLOW MOUNTAIN** (Macmillan. 8s. 6d.) leaves her husband and travels to Yugoslavia, not because of an overwhelming passion for another man, though she subsequently develops this, but because of her dissatisfaction with her married life in England. The tough, amorous, and thoroughly unsatisfactory Dalmatian engineer whom she picks for her idyll has none of the qualities of a Wronsky, and when her love founders in illness and disillusion her husband takes her back with a phlegmatic calm worthy of the best pre-war French caricature.

What is both attractive and memorable about Mr. Brown's novel is the vivid way in which he has drawn his Dalmatian landscape of great stony mountains and ancient cities and beautiful, lonely coastline.

Mrs. G. E. Calthrop, famous already as the designer of so many stage elegances, and as the creator of the lovely nostalgic scenery of *Bitter Sweet*, has turned to fiction as a new medium for her invention and in **PAPER PATTERN** (Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.) has produced her first novel.

This story, although it may appear to its protagonists as a serious affair, can hardly be taken very seriously by the reader. The time has passed when an uncomplicated triangle is enough to command our attention; there are graver, or conversely more hilarious themes to be dealt with and the problem of a woman whose husband falls in love with another woman, in a half-hearted sort of way, leaves his wife, marries again and then leaves to come back to his first wife has neither enough interest nor enough probability.

Mrs. Calthrop's colourful flourishes are her own and give the novel a certain individuality. Each scene, to borrow from her other technique, is set with imagination and taste, but the story is not worthy of its background.

Mr. Elgin Groseclose's immensely long novel, **ARARAT** (Harrap. 9s. 6d.) seems to fall clearly into three parts. The first is concerned with the Turkish massacres of the Armenians in 1895, the second with revolutionary Russia and the third, that period two or three years after the last war when homeless Armenian children were being rescued in their thousands and cared for by missionaries and charitable organisations.

Mr. Groseclose's heroine is the daughter of an Armenian killed in the massacres, and his hero a Tsarist officer who escapes the Bolshevik firing squad. These two are brought together by an American ex-cowboy missionary, who, in the author's intention, represents pure goodness, just as the officer signifies pure will. The book closes with the three working together for the lost children, and there is a highly dramatic climax, with obvious Biblical affinities, when the children are shepherded over a river to the safety of Mount Ararat itself, while a flood destroys the pursuing Turkish soldiers.

This is a considerable book, by either material or literary standards, and worth careful and leisured reading, but it suffers from the prevailing fault of prolixity and would have lost nothing in dignity by careful cutting.

At the opening of Miss Norah Hoult's new novel she quotes Huysmans' dictum that "if possible the novel ought to be compounded of two elements, that of the soul and that of the body, and these ought to be inextricably bound together as in life." **FOUR WOMEN GROW UP** (Heinemann. 9s. 6d.) is an admirable attempt to give life to this theory.

The women are educated together as girls, at the same London-suburban school, and that is all that they have in common beyond a certain mental or emotional independence. On the day of their leaving, the headmistress reviewing each in turn decides in her own mind what will be the course of their lives. This one, a beautiful Jewish girl, will marry and have babies. That one, too fat, too self-reliant and not quite, well, not quite a lady; it was difficult to imagine how she would turn out. In any case the mistress dismissed her case impatiently.

Another was a pleasant girl, if a little ordinary and a little unstable. She would need guidance; and the fourth was a thoroughly nice girl but with a weakness that might turn her eventually into a parasitical old maid.

Naturally, all the prognostications fail. Each of the four women as she grows up finds a conflict of spirit and of body, and only two, and that doubtfully, come to any terms with their lives.

A CASTLE IN CARINTHIA (Collins. 9s. 6d.) is a story of great character which runs the risk of being lost to the reader by the smallness of its type and the almost complete lack of margins to its pages. The result of this is an intimidating expanse of print with no relief to the eye, and it is not until one has become genuinely interested in the plot that Mr. Johan Fabricius is building up that one can overcome this obstacle.

Luckily, that interest comes early, for this is an unusual and in many ways a haunting book. From 1889 to about 1925 the castle of the title is the home of the Baron von Weygand and his growing children. He has left the army on inheriting the place, and, although not a rich man, he devotes his life to managing the estate and to bringing up his sons and daughters.

With the war and the war's aftermath, all the old standards of the Austrian aristocracy have, perforce, to change, and in his old age the baron sees his surviving son a wastrel, one daughter a cynical and unhappy gambler, and the other married to a farmer, the son of the baron's former tenant.

That might, in the hands of a lesser writer, be a "stock" story, but the strength and the simplicity of Johan Fabricius' writing sets it apart.

Spring foursome

We should soon be favoured with the first shy smile of Spring—and at Austin Reed's you'll find lighter suits of every pleasant kind for warmer days in town. They are tailored in advance in the comprehensive range of fittings that the New Tailoring provides: you have only to choose. Here are two of them. The man on the right is wearing one of our springweight worsteds: distinctive stripe patterns on fawn, grey or blue backgrounds, 5½ guineas. The other man has a suit in cheerful Glenchecks in grey and fawn shades at 6½ guineas.

It's very good to get out in the country and watch things waking up—particularly if you are wearing clothes as comfortable as these. On the right, one of our new two-piece suits in tweed. The coat is single-breasted; the trousers tailored to wear with or without braces, with the Flexway waistband to keep the shirt in place. Subdued overcheck patterns; blue, fawn and lovat mixtures, 87/6. The other suit has a waistcoat and is equally at home in town or out of it. The material is a fine midweight worsted and the patterns are chalk stripes on grey or blue backgrounds. Single-breasted, 5½ guineas. Double-breasted, 6 guineas—

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BEWARE of the BLACK-OUT SPEED LIMIT this EASTER

It is to be Hoped that the Police will Enforce the New Regulation with Fairness to All

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

NOT much time has passed since the new 20 m.p.h. speed limit in built-up areas during the hours of the black-out has been in force but already the police have been active in many districts and if the reports in the general press are correct very heavy fines indeed are being inflicted on transgressors. Apparently the motorist is not being given much latitude, for I read in one case that the speed alleged was 25 m.p.h. and that unfortunate error cost the driver £20.

Motorists are, on the average, law-abiding citizens, and as this 20 m.p.h. speed-limit is now the law of the land they will do everything possible to conform with the regulation. We expect the police to operate in a fair manner and not to try to obtain a whole bag of convictions in circumstances where no possible danger could conceivably exist. I am reminded of the state of affairs that ruled when the old 20 m.p.h. speed-limit was in force on every road of the country during all times of the day and night. Principally owing to the fact that the police were keener on obtaining convictions than on preventing really dangerous driving, the law of the land, as it then was, became a subject of ridicule.

If the man in blue is going to confine his attention to the motorist who drives perhaps at 25 m.p.h. on a moonlight night along a road with double carriageways which may have a 30 m.p.h. daylight limit because there are so many lamp-posts to the mile, then a sort of war would be waging between the motoring community and the authorities. If the police can be certain that a driver has, say, covered a respectable distance in an averagely-populated district on a dark night at a speed of 30 m.p.h. or over, then the offender should be quite severely dealt with. In other words, if the authorities enforce this new 20 m.p.h. limit only where an accident is likely to occur, then the motoring community will, I am sure, back up the authorities so that the new regulation may have a chance of showing whether it is assisting in reducing the number of accidents.

It is now only a fortnight before Easter and it would be a rash person who would attempt to prophesy whether the holiday period will be spent in late winter weather or in that usually associated with early spring. However, whether it is fine or wet, warm or cold, a large number of motorists will re-register their cars which they have laid up for the winter.

The authorities have, I am glad to say, shown a little human understanding by agreeing to issue licences as from March 21. In the ordinary way the new quarter starts on March 25, which is Easter Monday. The few days in between these dates will not be given free, for an additional fee of 5s. is demanded, though if the annual tax is £30 or over, 10s. will have to be paid. An additional amount of petrol will be allowed but this will be in strict proportion to the usual monthly gallonage. Still, this small concession will definitely help to make Easter more a motoring festival than it would otherwise have been.

THE VALUE OF THE TRACTOR TO THE FARMER: Busy tractors ploughing a field which has been grassland for over twenty years at Bankhead Farm, near Forteviot, Perthshire. This ground will very soon be producing food

If anyone is considering the purchase of a new car and wants to take delivery before the holiday, no time should be lost in placing the order. The stocks of cars available are strictly limited and although the majority of models have been raised in price it is practically certain that before very long there will be further increases. Those motorists who have stored their cars during the winter months will be well advised to pay some attention to their vehicles straight away.

Presumably the car has been placed on chocks and before the wheels are allowed to take the weight of the car on the ground it is advisable to check the pressure in the tyres because unless these have been pumped up at intervals some of them may be almost flat. With all the wheels in the air an excellent opportunity presents itself to carry out any brake adjustments that may be necessary and to change the wheels round in order to even up wear.

The battery of the car should be checked over, though if it has been handed over to the local garage for attention during the winter it can with safety be slipped into its container without any further worry. The owner should be careful, however, to connect the right terminals on the battery to the corresponding leads. Up to a few years ago it was the universal custom to earth the negative to the chassis but during the past few years the positive has taken the place of the negative for this purpose. If in any doubt, the car's instruction book can be consulted, but if one is not available the local garage can be depended upon for advice. If the owner has himself looked after the battery he should make quite certain that his attention has been efficient.

To start with, the level of the acid should be checked and topped up with distilled water if the top of the plates is high and dry. I suggest that the engine should be started by hand if possible before the battery is called upon at all. Then the self-starter can be given its chance and if it starts the engine when it is warm at least one anxiety will have been dismissed. The next morning the battery should be given another opportunity to prove its worth when the engine is cold. If it does its job without hesitation then the owner can be fairly certain that its enforced period of idleness has done it no harm. If, on the other hand, it will not turn the engine round, an additional charge will have to be put into it. If this attention does not produce a better result, then the owner is in for a little trouble, for in all probability one, if not more, plates have broken down and the battery will have to be re-plated.

With the car in storage an excellent opportunity occurs of draining off the old oil in the sump and refilling it with a fresh supply. Most engines have a detachable oil filter and this at the same time should be removed and cleaned. If the owner is experienced enough he should detach the sump and clean this thoroughly.

When the car is taken out on the road it is inadvisable to drive it harshly during the first twenty miles or so, for it must be remembered that after standing motionless for a number of months various bearings and friction surfaces will probably be quite devoid of lubricant and until the oil and grease circulate there is a danger that damage may occur.

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March 11—16th

3 Thread "Reverse Knit", for lighter wear, made up on the wrong side, this stocking has a delightful sheer effect. In shades of Copperskin, Bracken, Honey, Mist Beige. *Today's value 6/11* Special price, per pair **5/11**

4 Thread pure silk throughout, this is a beautiful stocking for all occasions and extremely good wearing. In Towntan, Plaza Beige, Honey, Facile. *Today's value 9/11* Special price, per pair **8/11**

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Churchman's No. 1 Cigarettes : a fine 15 minutes of smooth smoking · 10 for 8d · 20 for 1/4

C.339b

In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Westward Bound — A Train Journey to Devon and Cornwall

EASTER inquiries. An earlier "daylight saving" and a letter from Elfordleigh Hotel at Plympton, South Devon, to say "We wish you could come down and see the glorious array of daffodils here" prompts a general survey of Easter plans for war-time 1940. The chances are that you may not have a car . . . or the petrol.

But there are many places which can be reached by rail and if my thoughts go towards the 10.30 a.m. from Paddington it is because here is a daily thoroughfare to Easter and spring holidays.

So let's journey in thought on the 10.30 this week and explore the possibilities.

First of all, though presuming London is not our starting point, we will spend the night at the G.W.R. Hotel at Paddington, the Royal, but we will book our accommodation in advance because there will be others like minded.

Those who have not been there before will find it a pleasant surprise indeed, and so convenient that one can make sure of one's seat on the train, say at 10 a.m., and then go back and if need be finish one's packing.

The whistle goes! We glide out, not having forgotten to book our seats in the restaurant car.

Hello! Exeter St. David's already and only 2.10. p.m. Hardly time for a snooze. Some of us will alight here and take advantage of our monthly ticket which enables a break of journey.

Where shall we stay? The Royal Clarence, of course, because it is in the quiet of the Cathedral Close and because it blends so well with Exeter of yesterday and to-day. Old prints to remind us of yesterdays. Modern cocktail lounge. Nightly dances, and a grill room in daily demand as proof evident that the Royal Clarence is the social hub of Exeter to-day.

But we must move on, for the 10.30 has other passengers aboard and divides into two sections at Exeter.

The front half leaves at 2.12 p.m. non-stop for Plymouth which it reaches at 3.30 p.m. That young couple who sat opposite us in the dining car are getting off here. Let's look at the label on their golf clubs to see where they are bound for. I thought so. Elfordleigh Hotel, Plympton, a country house hotel three and a half miles out which has its own golf links. Sensible couple!

The train moves off again. A cup of tea and at 4.40 p.m. we pull into Par. A big exodus here. Curious! You wonder why. The query is easily solved. But a mile or so away is a Cornish blue sea, an unspoilt bay, and in the centre a majestic white-faced building which with the palm trees dotted around create the suggestion that one has stepped into a Mediterranean scene.

Carlyon Bay Hotel, for such is its name, has much to offer the Easter and spring holiday-maker. A golf course at the door. A sports club on the shore with covered squash and full size tennis courts.

The luggage racks are by now denuded of sports equipment.

By the way, you will recall that at 4.12 several people got off at Liskeard where they changed for Looe and the Boscarn Hotel. Truro, Cornwall's cathedral town, is reached at 5.15. The train is once again lightened as passengers change for Falmouth, which is reached at 5.50.

How nice to reach the Greenbank Hotel on the water's edge of Falmouth Harbour just in time for a bath, a cocktail and a first-class dinner in a first-class setting.

The remaining passengers (quite a few) are bound for Penzance, reached at 6.10. Here there is a division of interests. Some will be for the Queen's in Penzance itself. Others for Land's End, Whitesand Bay Hotel at Sennen Cove, or Porthledden Hotel overlooking Cape Cornwall. But all will arrive in time for dinner and an early night with only the rhythmic sound of ceaseless Atlantic rollers. But we must return to the second half of our 10.30 a.m. train which we left behind at Exeter. At 2.23 p.m. it carries its passengers along Torbay.

Some will get off at Teignmouth for the Royal Hotel, Huntly Hotel at Bishopsteignton, the Round House, or Crownwell House hotels on the banks of the Teign. All fortunate people in their respective choice.

Naturally, the largest disembarkation is at Torquay. "Porter! Grand Hotel?" "Just across the way, sir. The hotel porter will see to your luggage." Outside the station is an army of hotel buses. And there's the one we were told to look for. Lincombe Hall Hotel, the Garden Hotel of Torquay. Smart driver. Pleasant run along the front. Nice-looking hotel.

But the 10.30 still has some other passengers to disembark. Some are bound for Paignton—the Paignton Palace Hotel, the Redcliffe, or the small but very comfortable Ravenswood. Others, twenty minutes later, will alight for Churston—Lupton Hotel, the Dormy House, or Berry Head, Brixham.

Whilst finally there was quite a contingent who got out earlier at Newton Abbot—the best railhead for Dartmoor—but this is a story to be told another time.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

During the first thirty-three days of this new year, this Society has admitted sixty-five fresh children into the Homes and Ship, where they will be clothed, fed, educated, and given a training for a future career. 1,100 children are now receiving this splendid care, but funds are urgently needed, and new subscribers would be much welcomed. Full particulars of this old-established Society will gladly be sent on request to the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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